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10.
MISS in her TEENS:

OR, THE

MEDLEY of LOVERS.

A

F A R C E,

In TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

The SIXTH EDITION.

— *penè puella Puer.*

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET and Co. in the Strand.

M.DCC.LXXI.

[Price One Shilling.]

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 10

THEORY OF QUANTUM MECHANICS

PROFESSOR FREDERICK REIF

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PR
3465
V3



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author takes this Opportunity to return the Public his Thanks for their so favourable Reception of the following Trifle ; the Hint of which is taken from the *French*. Whether the Plot and Characters are alter'd for the better or worse, may be seen by comparing it with *La Parisienne* of *D'An-*
court.



P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN by a FRIEND.

TOO long has Farce, neglecting Nature's Laws,
Debas'd the Stage, and wrong'd the comic Cause;
To raise a Laugh has been her sole Pretence,
Tho' dearly purchas'd at the Price of Sense;
This Child of Folly gain'd Increase with Time;
Fit for the Place succeeded Pantomime;
Reviv'd her Honours, join'd her motley Band,
And Song and low Conceit o'er-ran the Land.

More gen'rous Views inform our Author's Breast,
From real Life his Characters are drest;
He seeks to trace the Passions of Mankind,
And while he spares the Person, paints the Mind.
In pleasing Contrast he attempts to shew
The vap'ring Bully, and the fribbling Beau,
Cowards alike, that full of martial Airs,
And this as tender as the Silk he wears.
Proud to divert, not anxious for Renown,
Oft has the Bard essay'd to please the Town;
Your full Applause out-paid his little Art,
He boasts no Merit, but a grateful Heart;
Pronounce your Doom, he'll patiently submit,
Ye sovereign Judges of all Works of Wit!
To you the Ore is brought, a lifeless Mass,
You give the Stamp, and then the Coin may pass,

Now

PROLOGUE.

*Now whether Judgment prompt you to forgive,
Whether you bid this trifling Offspring live,
Or with a Frown should send the sickly Thing
To sleep whole Ages under Dulness' Wing;
To your known Candour we will always trust,
You never were, nor can you be unjust.*



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Simon Loveit,

Mr. Taswell.

Captain Loveit,

Mr. Havard.

Fribble,

Mr. Garrick.

Flash,

Mr. Woodward.

Puff,

Mr. Yates.

Jasper,

Mr. Blakes.

W O M E N.

Miss Bidly,

Mrs. Green.

Aunt,

Mrs. Cross.

Tag,

Mrs. Clive.

M I S S



MISS in her TEENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A STREET.

Enter Captain LOVEIT and PUFF.

CAPTAIN.



HIS is the Place we were directed to ; and now, *Puff*, if I can get no Intelligence of her, what will become of me ?

Puff. And me too, Sir—You must consider I am a marry'd Man, and can't bear Fatigue as I have done.——But pray, Sir, why did you leave the Army so abruptly, and not give me Time to fill my Knap-sack with common Necessaries ? Half a Dozen Shirts, and your Regimentals are my whole Cargo.

Capt. I was wild to get away, and as soon as I obtained my Leave of Absence, I thought every Moment an Age till I return'd to the Place where I first saw this young, charming, innocent, bewitching Creature.

B

Puff.

Puff. With fifteen thousand Pounds for her Fortune—Strong Motives, I must confess.—And now, Sir, as you are pleased to say you must depend upon my Care and Abilities in this Affair, I think I have a just Right to be acquainted with the Particulars of your Passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.

Capt. You shall have 'em.—When I left the University, which is now seven Months since, my Father, who loves his Money better than his Son, and would not settle a Farthing upon me—

Puff. Mine did so by me, Sir—

Capt. Purchas'd me a Pair of Colours at my own Request; but before I join'd the Regiment, which was going abroad, I took a Ramble into the Country with a Fellow-Collegian, to see a Relation of his who liv'd in *Berkshire*.—

Puff. —A Party of Pleasure, I suppose.

Capt. During a short Stay there, I came acquainted with this young Creature; she was just come from the Boarding-School, and tho' she had all the Simplicity of her Age and the Country, yet it was mix'd with such sensible Vivacity, that I took Fire at once.—

Puff. I was Tinder myself at your Age. But pray, Sir, did you take Fire before you knew of her Fortune?

Capt. Before, upon my Honour.

Puff. Folly and Constitution—But on, Sir.

Capt. I was introduced to the Family by the Name of *Rhodophil*, (for so my Companion and I had settled it;) at the End of three Weeks I was obliged to attend the Call of Honour in *Flanders*.

Puff. Your parting, to be sure was heart-breaking.

Capt. I feel it at this Instant.—We vow'd eternal Constancy, and I promis'd to take the first Opportunity of returning to her: I did so, but we
found

found the House was shut up, and all the Information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring Cottage was, that Miss and her Aunt were remov'd to Town, and liv'd somewhere near this Part of it.

Puff. And now we are got to the Place of Action, propose your Plan of Operation.

Capt. My Father lives but in the next Street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of Discoveries; you are not known to be my Servant, so make what Inquiries you can in the Neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the Inn for your Intelligence.

Puff. I'll patroll hereabouts, and examine all that pass; but I've forgot the Word, Sir—Miss *Biddy*—

Capt. Bellair. ———

Puff. A young Lady of Wit, Beauty, and Fifteen thousand Pounds Fortune.———but Sir———

Capt. What do you say, *Puff*?

Puff. If your Honour pleases to consider that I had a Wife in Town whom I left somewhat abruptly half a Year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make some Enquiry after her first; to be sure it would be some small Consolation to me to know whether the poor Woman is living, or has made away with herself, or———

Capt. Pr'ythee don't distract me; a Moment's Delay is of the utmost Consequence; I must insist upon an immediate Compliance with my Commands.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Puff. The Devil's in these fiery young Fellows! they think of no body's Wants but their own, He does not consider that I am Flesh and Blood as well as himself. However I may kill two Birds at once; for I shan't be surprized if I meet my Lady walking the Streets———But who have we here? Sure I should know that Face.

Enter Jasper from a House.

Who's that? my old Acquaintance *Jasper*?

Jasper. What, *Puff*! are you here?

Puff. My dear Friend! [*Kisses him.*] Well, and now *Jasper*, still easy and happy! *Toujours le même!* — What Intrigues now? What Girls have you ruin'd, and what Cuckolds made, since you and I used to beat up together, Eh?

Jasper. Faith, Business has been very brisk during the War; Men are scarce, you know; not that I can say I ever wanted Amusement in the worst of Times——But harkye, *Puff*——

Puff. Not a Word aloud, I am *incognito*.

Jasper. Why Faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little *dishabille* too, as well as *incognito*. Whom do you honour with your Service now? Are you from the Wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you; Fire and Smoke will tarnish; a Man that will go into such Service as I have been in, will find his Clothes the worse for Wear, take my Word for it: But how is it with you, Friend *Jasper*? What you still serve, I see? You live at that House I suppose?

Jasper. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my Time there; I have within these two Months enter'd into the Service of an old Gentleman, who hired a reputable Servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his Head to fall in Love.

Puff. False Appetite and second Childhood! But pry'thee, what's the Object of his Passion?

Jasper. No less than a Virgin of Sixteen, I assure you.

Puff. Oh, the toothless old Dotard!

Jasper.

Jasper. And he mumbles and plays with her till his Mouth waters; then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his *Bid*, and his *Bidsy*, and is so foolishly fond—

Puff. *Bidsy!* What's that? ———

Jasper. ——— Her Name is *Biddy*.

Puff. *Biddy!* What Miss *Biddy Bellair?*

Jasper. ——— The same——

Puff. I have no Luck, to be sure. [*Aside.*]——
Oh! I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good Family, and has some Fortune, I know. But are Things settled? Is the Marriage fix'd?

Jasper. Not absolutely; the Girl, I believe, detests him; but her Aunt, a very good prudent old Lady, has given her Consent, if he can gain her Niece's; how it will end I can't tell--but I am hot upon't myself.

Puff. ---The Devil! not Marriage, I hope.

Jasper. That is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the Lady, pray?

Jasper. A Maid in the same Family, a Woman of Honour, I assure you: She has one Husband already, a scoundrel sort of a Fellow that has run away from her, and list'd for a Soldier; so towards the End of the Campaign she hopes to have a Certificate he's knock'd o' th' Head; if not, I suppose, we shall settle Matters another Way.

Puff. Well, speed the Plough.——But harkye, consummate without the Certificate if you can——keep your Neck out of the Collar---do---I have wore it those two Years, and damnably gall'd I am.——

Jasper. I'll take your Advice; but I must run away to my Master, who will be impatient for an Answer to his Message which I have just deliver'd to the young Lady; so, dear Mr. *Puff*, I am your most obedient humble Servant.

Puff. And I must to our Agent's for my Arrears: If you have an Hour to spare, you'll hear of me

at *George's* or the *Tilt-Yard*——*Au Revoir*, as we say abroad. [*Exit Jasper.*] Thus we are as civil and as false as our *Betters*; *Jasper* and I were always the *Beau Monde* exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiss and shake Hands——But now to my Master with a Head full of News, and a Heart full of Joy. [*Going, starts.*

Angels, and Ministers of Grace, defend me!

It can't be! by Heav'ns, it is, that fretful Porcupine; my Wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter Tag.

Tag. It must be he! I'll swear to the Rogue at a Mile's Distance; he either has not seen me, or won't know me; if I can keep my Temper I'll try him farther.

Puff. I sweat---I tremble---She comes upon me!

Tag. Pray, good Sir, if I may be so bold——

Puff. I have nothing for you, good Woman, don't trouble me.

Tag. If your Honour pleases to look this Way——

Puff. The Kingdom is over-run with Beggars; I suppose the last I gave to has sent this; but I have no more loose Silver about me; so pr'ythee, Woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold no longer; oh you Villain, you! Where have you been, Scoundrel? Do you know me now, Varlet? [*Seizes him.*

Puff. Here, Watch, Watch, Zounds I shall have my Pockets pick'd.

Tag. Own me this Minute, Hang dog, and confess every thing, or by the Rage of an injured Woman, I'll raise the Neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to *Newgate*.

Puff. Amazement! what, my own dear *Tag*! Come to my Arms, and let me press you to my Heart,

Heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful Wife.—Now my Stars have over-paid me for the Fatigue and Dangers of the Field; I have wandered about like *Achilles* in search of faithful *Penelope*, and the Gods have brought me to this happy Spot. [Embraces her.

Tag. The Fellow's crack'd for certain! Leave your bombastick Stuff, and tell me, Rascal, why you left me, and where you have been these six Months, heh?

Puff. We'll reserve my Adventures for our happy Winter Evenings—I shall only tell you now, that my Heart beat so strong in my Country's Cause, and being instigated either by Honour or the Devil, (I can't tell which) I set out for *Flanders*, to gather Laurels, and lay 'em at thy Feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, Villain, and beg my Bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily I must confess, and often has my Conscience stung me for it.—I am got into an Officer's Service, have been in several Actions, gain'd some Credit by my Behaviour, and am now return'd with my Master to indulge the genteeler Passions.

Tag. Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical Talk; what have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honour, and immoderate Love,

Tag. I could tear your Eyes out.

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, Traitor, Temperance! What can you say for yourself? Leave me to the wide World.—

Puff. Well I have been in the wide World too, han't I? What would the Woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the Necessity of going to Service, [Cries.

Puff. Why, I'm in Service too; your Lord and Master an't I, you saucy Jade you? — Come, where dost live, hereabouts? Hast got good Vails? Dost go to Market? Come, give me a Kiss, Darling, and tell me where I shall pay my Duty to thee.

Tag. Why there I live, at that House.

[Pointing to the House Jasper came out of.]

Puff. What, there? that House?

Tag. Yes, there, that House.

Puff. Huzza! We're made for ever, you Slut you! Huzza! Every thing conspires this Day to make me happy—Prepare for an Inundation of Joy! My Master is in love with your Miss *Biddy* over Head and Ears, and she with him: I know she is courted by some old Fumbler, and her Aunt is not against the Match; but now we are come the Town will be reliev'd, and the Governor brought over; in plain *English*, our Fortune is made; my Master must marry the Lady, and the old Gentleman may go to the Devil.

Tag. Heyday! what's all this?

Puff. Say no more, the Dice are thrown, Doublets for us; away to your young Mistress, while I run to my Master, tell her *Rhodophil!* *Rhodophil!* will be with her immediately; then if her Blood does not mount to her Face like Quicksilver in a Weather-glass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole a Lye, and your Husband no Politician.

Tag. This is News indeed! I have had the Place but a little while, and have not quite got into the Secrets of the Family; but Part of your Story is true, and if you bring your Master, and Miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old Folks.

Puff. I'll about it streight! — but hold, *Tag*, I had forgot — Pray how does Mr. *Jasper* do?

Tag. Mr. *Jasper!* — What do you mean? I — I —

Puff.

Puff. What, out of Countenance, Child? Oh fy! Speak plain, my Dear——And the Certificate, when comes that heh, Love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turn'd Conjurer, or he could never have known it. [*Aside.*]

Puff. Are not you a Jade?—Are not you a Jezebel?—Arn't you a——

Tag. O ho, Temperance; or I walk off——

Puff. I know I am not finish'd yet, and so I am easy, but more Thanks to my Fortune than your Virtue, Madam.

Aunt. [*within*] *Tag, Tag*, where are you, *Tag*?

Tag. Coming, Madam———My old Lady calls; away to your Master, and I'll prepare his Reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the Certificate with me? [*Exit.*]

Tag. Go, you graceless Rogue, you richly deserve it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Aunt and Tag.

Aunt. Who was that Man you were talking to, *Tag*?

Tag. A Cousin of mine, Madam, that brought me some News from my Aunt in the Country.

Aunt. Where's my Niece? Why are not you with her?

Tag. She bid me leave her alone———She's so melancholy, Madam, I don't know what's come to her of late——

Aunt. The Thoughtfulness that is natural upon the Approach of Matrimony, generally occasions a decent Concern.

Tag. And do you think Madam, a Husband of threescore and five——

Aunt. Hold, *Tag*, he protests to me he is but five and fifty.

Tag. He is a Rogue, Madam, and an old Rogue, which is the worst of Rogues.—

Aunt. Alas! Youth or Age, 'tis all one to her; she is all Simplicity without Experience: I would not force her Inclinations, but she's so innocent she won't know the Difference—

Tag. Innocent! ne'er trust to that Madam; I was innocent myself once, but *live and learn* is an old Saying, and a true one:—I believe, Madam, no Body is more innocent than yourself, and a good Maid you are to be sure; but tho' you really don't know the Difference, yet you can fancy it, I warrant you.

Aunt. I should prefer a large Jointure to a small one, and that's all; but it's impossible that *Biddy* should have Desires, she's but newly come out of the Country, and just turn'd of sixteen.

Tag. That's a ticklish Age, Madam! I have observ'd she does not eat, nor she does not sleep; she sighs and she cries, and she loves Moon-light; these, I take it, are very strong Symptoms.

Aunt. They are very unaccountable, I must confess; but you talk from a deprav'd Mind, *Tag*; her's is simple and untainted.

Tag. She'll make him a Cuckold tho' for all that, if you force her to marry him.

Aunt. You shock me, *Tag*, with your coarse Expressions; I tell you, her Chastity will be her Guard, let her Husband be what he will.

Tag. Chastity? never trust to that, Madam; get her a Husband that's fit for her, and I'll be bound for her Virtue; but with such a one as *Sir Simon*, I'm a Rogue if I'd answer for my own.

Aunt. Well, *Tag*, the Child shall never have Reason to repent of my Severity; I was going before to my Lawyer's to speak about the Articles of Marriage,

riage, I will now put a Stop to 'em for some time, till we can make farther Discoveries.

Tag. Heav'n will bless you for your Goodness; look where the poor Bird comes, quite mop'd and melancholy; I'll set my Pump to work, and draw something from her before you return, I warrant you. [*Exit Aunt.*] There goes a Miracle; she has neither Pride, Envy, or Ill-nature, and yet is near sixty, and a Virgin.

Enter Bidly.

Bidly. How unfortunate a poor Girl am I! dare not tell my Secrets to any body, and if I don't I'm undone—Heigho! [*sighs*] Pray *Tag*, is my Aunt gone to her Lawyer about me? Heigho!

Tag. What's that Sigh for, my dear young Mistress?

Bidly. I did not sigh, not I—[*Sighs.*]

Tag. Nay, never gulp 'em down, they are the worst Things you can swallow. There's something in that little Heart of yours, that swells it and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it Vent.

Bidly. What would you have me tell you? [*Sighs.*]

Tag. Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you, but you had as good speak, I may do you some Service you little think of.

Bidly. It is not in your Power, *Tag*, to give me what I want. [*Sighs.*]

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the Means of helping you to it; as for Example—If you should not like to marry the old Man your Aunt designs for you, one may find a Way to break—

Bidly. His Neck, *Tag*,

Tag.

Tag. Or the Match; either will do, Child.

Biddy. I don't care which indeed, so I was clear of him——I don't think I'm fit to be marry'd.

Tag. To him you mean——You have no Objection to Marriage, but the Man, and I applaud you for it: But come, Courage, Miss, never keep it in, out with it all——

Biddy. If you'll ask me any Questions, I'll answer 'em, but I can't tell you any thing of myself, I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well then——In the first Place pray tell me, Miss *Biddy Bellair*, if you don't like somebody better than old Sir *Simon Loveit*?

Biddy. Heigho!

Tag. What's Heigho, Miss?

Biddy. When I say Heigho! it means yes.

Tag. Very well; and this Somebody is a young handsome Fellow?

Biddy. Heigho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you'd be as merry as the best of us?

Biddy. Heigho!

Tag. So far so good; and since I have got you to wet your Feet, souse over Head at once, and the Pain will be over.

Biddy. There——then. [*A long Sigh.*] Now help me out, *Tag*, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your Gallant?

Biddy. Never since he went to the Army.

Tag. How so?

Biddy. I was afraid the Letters would fall into my Aunt's Hands, so I would not let him write to me; but I had a better Reason then.

Tag. Pray let's hear that too.

Biddy. Why, I thought if I should write to him and promise him to love no body else, and should afterwards

afterwards change my Mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a Coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside.*] And have you chang'd your Mind, Miss?

Biddy. No indeed, *Tag*, I love him the best of any of 'em.

Tag. Of any of 'em! Why, have you any more?

Biddy. Pray don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, Miss, if you only trust me by Halves, you can't expect——

Biddy. I will trust you with every thing.—— When I parted with him, I grew melancholy; so in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he returns again.

Tag. Is that all, my Dear? mighty simple, indeed! [*Aside.*]

Biddy. One of 'em is a fine blust'ring Man, and is call'd Captain *Flash*; he's always talking of Fighting, and Wars; he thinks he's sure of me, but I shall baulk him; we shall see him this Afternoon, for he press'd strongly to come, and I have given him Leave, while my Aunt's taking her Afternoon's Nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray?

Biddy. Quite another Sort of a Man, he speaks like a Lady for all the World, and never swears as Mr. *Flash* does, but wears nice white Gloves, and tells me what Ribbons become my Complexion, where to stick my Patches, who is the best Millener, where they sell the best Tea, and which is the best Wash for the Face, and the best Paste for the Hands; he is always playing with my Fan, and shewing his Teeth, and whenever I speak he pats me——so——and cries, *The Devil take me, Miss, Biddy, but you'll be my Perdition*——Ha, ha, ha!

Tag.

Tag. Oh the pretty Creature! And what do you call him, pray?

Biddy. His Name's *Fribble*; you shall see him too, for by Mistake I appointed 'em at the same Time; but you must help me out with 'em.

Tag. And suppose your Favourite should come too——

Biddy. I should not care what became of the others.

Tag. What's his Name?

Biddy. It begins with an R——b——o——

Tag. I'll be hang'd if it is not *Rhodophil*.

Biddy. I am frighten'd at you! You are a Witch, *Tag!*

Tag. I am so, and I can tell your Fortune too. Look me in the Face. The Gentleman you love most in the World will be at our House this Afternoon; he arriv'd from the Army this Morning, and dies till he sees you.

Biddy. Is he come, *Tag*? Don't joke with me——

Tag. Not to keep you longer in Suspence, you must know the Servant of your *Strephon*, by some unaccountable Fate or other, is my Lord and Master; he has just been with me, told me of his Master's Arrival and Impatience——

Biddy. Oh my dear, dear *Tag*, you have put me out of my Wits—I am all over in a Flutter.—I shall leap out of my Skin—I don't know what to do with myself—Is he come, *Tag*?—I am ready to faint—I'd give the World I had put on my Pink and Silver Robings to-day.

Tag. I assure you, Miss, you look charmingly!

Biddy. Do I indeed tho'? I'll put a little Patch under my left Eye, and powder my Hair immediately.

Tag. We'll go to Dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

Biddy. Dinner! I can't eat a Morfel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my Ears tingle, my Heart beats, my Face flushes, and I tremble every Joint of me—I must run in and look at myself in the Glafs this Moment.

Tag. Yes, she has it, and deeply too; this is no Hypocrisy——

Not Art, but Nature now performs her Part:
And every Word's the Language of the Heart:

END of the FIRST ACT





ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

Enter Captain Loveit, Biddy, Tag, and Puff.

Capt. **T**O find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical Juncture, is the Height of Fortune and Happiness.

Biddy. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your Affections——

Puff. I'll be bound for him, Madam, and give you any Security you can ask.

Tag. Every thing goes on to our Wish, Sir, I just now had a second Conference with my old Lady, and she was so convinced by my Arguments, that she return'd instantly to the Lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any Writings at all, and she is determin'd never to thwart Mils's Inclinations, and left it to us to give the old Gentleman his Discharge at the next Visit.

Capt. Shall I undertake the old Dragon?

Tag. If we have Occasion for Help, we shall call for you.

Biddy. I expect him every Moment, therefore I'll tell you what, *Rhodophil*, you and your Man shall be lock'd up in my Bed-chamber till we have settled Matters with the old Gentleman.

Capt. Do what you please with me.

Biddy.

Biddy. You must not be impatient tho'.

Capt. I can undergo any thing with such a Reward in View; one Kiss and I'll be quite resign'd—and now shew me the Way. [Exeunt.

Tag. Come, Sirrah, when I have got you under Lock and Key, I shall bring you to Reason.

Puff. Are your Wedding-clothes ready, my Dove? The Certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your Captain, Sirrah—march—You may thank Heav'n I had Patience to stay so long. [Exeunt *Tag* and *Puff*.

Enter Biddy.

Biddy. I was very much alarm'd for fear my two Gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad Work if they had; I find I love *Rhodopbil* vastly, for tho' my other Sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the Thoughts of 'em now—I have Business upon my Hands enough to turn my little Head; but egad my Heart's good, and a Fig for Dangers——let me see, what shall I do with my two Gallants? I must, at least, part with 'em decently; suppose I fet 'em together by the Ears?—The luckiest Thought in the World! For if they won't quarrel (as I believe they won't) I can break with them for Cowards, and very justly dismiss 'em my Service; and if they will fight, and one of 'em should be kill'd, the other will certainly be hang'd, or run away; and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both——I am glad I have settled it so purely.

Enter Tag.

Well, *Tag*, are they safe?

Tag. I think so; the Door's double-locked, and I have the Key in my Pocket.

C

Biddy.

Biddy. That's pure ; but have you given them any thing to divert 'em ?

Tag. I have given the Captain one of your old Gloves to mumble ; but my *Strephon* is diverting himself with the more substantial Comforts of a cold Ven'son Pastry.

Biddy. What shall we do with the next that comes ?

Tag. If Mr. *Fribble* comes first, I'll clap him up into my Lady's Store-room ; I suppose he is a great Maker of Marmalade himself, and will have an Opportunity of making some critical Remarks upon our Pastry and Sweetmeats.

Biddy. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other, and as soon as you see him, run in to us and pretend it is my Aunt, and so we shall have an Excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me ; here is one of 'em.——

Enter Fribble.

Biddy. Mr. *Fribble*, your Servant——

Frib. Miss *Biddy*, your Slave——I hope I have not come upon you abruptly ; I should have waited upon you sooner, but an Accident happen'd that discompos'd me so, that I was oblig'd to go home to take Drops.

Biddy. Indeed you don't look well, Sir.——Go, *Tag*, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*

Biddy. I have set my Maid to watch my Aunt, that we mayn't be surpriz'd by her.

Frib. Your Prudence is equal to your Beauty, Miss, and I hope your permitting me to kiss your
Hands,

Hands, will be no Impeachment to your Understanding.

Biddy. I hate the Sight of him. [*Aside.*] I was afraid I should not have had the Pleasure of seeing you; pray let me know what Accident you met with, and what's the Matter with your Hand? I shan't be easy till I know.

Frib. Well, I vow, Miss *Biddy*, you're a good *Creeter*,——I'll endeavour to muster up what little Spirits I have, and tell you the whole Affair——*Hem!*——But first you must give me Leave to make you a Present of a small Pot of my Lip-Salve: My Servant made it this Morning; the Ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best Virgin-wax, Conserve of Roses, and Lily of the Valley Water.

Biddy. I thank you, Sir, but my Lips are generally red, and when they an't, I bite 'em.

Frib. I bite my own, sometimes, to pout 'em a little, but this will give 'em a Softness, Colour, and an agreeable *Moister*.——Thus let me make an humble Offering at that Shrine, where I have already sacrificed my Heart.

[*Kneels and gives the Pot.*]

Biddy. Upon my Word that's very prettily express'd; you are positively the best Company in the World——I wish he was out of the House.

[*Aside.*]

Frib. But to return to my Accident, and the Reason why my Hand is in this Condition——I beg you'll excuse the Appearance of it, and be satisfy'd that nothing but mere Necessity could have forc'd me to appear thus muffled before you.

Biddy. I am very willing to excuse any Misfortune that happens to you, Sir. [*Curtseys.*]

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed,——thus it was——Hem!——You must know, Miss, there is not an Animal in the Creation I have so great an Aversion to, as to Hackney-coach Fellows——As I was coming out of my Lodgings,——Says one of 'em to me, *Would your Honour have a Coach?*——No, Man, said I, not now (with all the Civility imaginable)——*I'll carry you and your Doll too,* (said he) *Miss Margery, for the same Price*——Upon which the masculine Beasts about us fell a laughing; then I turn'd round in a great Passion, Curse me, (says I) Fellow, but I'll trounce thee.——And, as I was holding out my Hand in a threatening *Poster*——thus;——he makes a Cut at me with his Whip, and striking me over the Nail of my little Finger, it gave me such exquisite *Torter* that I fainted away; and while I was in this Condition, the Mob pick'd my Pocket of my Purse, my Scissars, my *Mocco* Smelling-Bottle, and my Huswife.

Biddy. I shall laugh in his Face. [*Aside.*] I am afraid you are in great Pain; pray sit down, Mr. *Fribble*, but I hope your Hand is in no Danger.

[*They sit.*]

Frib. Not in the least, Ma'am; pray don't be apprehensive—A Milk-poultice, and a gentle Sweat To-night, with a little Manna in the Morning, I am confident, will relieve me entirely.

Biddy. But pray, Mr. *Fribble*, do you make use of a Huswife?

Frib. I can't do without it, Ma'am; there is a Club of us, all young Batchelors, the sweetest Society in the World; and we meet three times a Week at each others Lodgings, where we drink Tea, hear the Chat of the Day, invent Fashions for the Ladies, make Models of 'em, and cut out Patterns in Paper. We were the first Inventors of Knotting,
and

and this Fringe is the original Produce and joint Labour of our little Community.

Biddy. And who are your pretty Set, pray?

Frib. There's *Phil. Whiffle*, *Jacky Wagtail*, my Lord *Trip*, *Billy Dimple*, Sir *Dilberry Diddle*, and your humble——

Biddy. What a sweet Collection of happy Creatures!

Frib. Indeed, and so we are, Miss——But a prodigious *Fracas* disconcerted us some time ago at *Billy Dimple's*——three drunken naughty Women of the Town burst into our Club-room, curst us all, threw down the China, broke six Looking-glasses, scalded us with the Slop-bason, and *scrat* poor *Phil. Whiffle's* Cheek in such a Manner, that he has kept his Bed these three Weeks.

Biddy. Indeed, Mr. *Fribble*, I think all our Sex have great Reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are Batchelors, the Ladies may wish and sigh to very little Purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my Passion for you, I can tell you that, and am look'd upon as lost to our Society already; He, he, he!

Biddy. Pray, Mr. *Fribble*, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intended to use the Lady who shall be honour'd with your Affections?

Frib. Not as most other Wives are used, I assure you; all the domestick Business will be taken off her Hands; I shall make the Tea, comb the Dogs, and dress the Children myself; so that tho' I'm a Commoner, Mrs. *Fribble* will lead the Life of a Woman of Quality; for she will have nothing to do, but lie in Bed, play at Cards, and scold the Servants.

Biddy. What a happy Creature she must be!

Frib. Do you really think so? Then pray let me have a little *serous* Talk with you — Tho' my Passion is not of a long standing, I hope the Sincerity of my Intentions——

Biddy. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. Go, you wild Thing. [*Pats her.*] The Devil take me but there is no talking to you.—— How can you use me in this barbarous Manner! If I had the Constitution of an Alderman it would sink under my Sufferings.——*Hooman Nater* can't support it.

Biddy. Why, what would you do with me, Mr. *Fribble*?

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so — Don't look at me in that Manner——Flesh and Blood can't bear it——I could——but I won't grow indecent——

Biddy. But pray, Sir, where are the Verses you were to write upon me? I find if a young Lady depends too much upon such fine Gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow, the Flutter I was put into this Afternoon has quite turn'd my Senses———here they are tho' —— and I believe you'll like 'em.——

Biddy. There can be no Doubt of it.

[*Curtseys.*

Frib. I protest, Miss, I don't like that *Curtsey* ---Look at me, and always rise in this Manner. [*Shows her.*] But, my dear *Creeter*, who put on your Cap to-day? They have made a Fright of you, and it is as yellow as old Lady *Crowfoot's* Neck. ——When we are settled, I'll dress your Heads myself.

Biddy. Pray read the Verses to me, Mr. *Fribble*.

Frib. I obey——Hem!——*William Fribble,*
Esq; to Miss *Biddy Bellair*——greeting.

*No Ice so hard, so cold as I,
'Till warm'd and soften'd by your Eye;
And now my Heart dissolves away
In Dreams by Night, in Sighs by Day;
No brutal Passion fires my Breast,
Which loaths the Object when possess'd;
But one of harmless, gentle Kind,
Whose Joys are center'd---in the Mind;
Then take with me, Love's better Part,
His downy Wing, but not his Dart.*

How do you like 'em?

Biddy. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty——but I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light Pieces are never so well understood in Reading as Singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you *La---la* ---I have an abominable Cold, and can't sing a Note; however the Tune's nothing, the Manner's all.

No Ice so hard, &c.

[Sings.]

Enter Tag, running.

Tag. Your Aunt, your Aunt, your Aunt, Madam!

Frib. What's the Matter?

Biddy. Hide, hide Mr. *Fribble*, *Tag*, or we are ruin'd.

Frib. Oh! for Heav'n's sake, put me any where, so I don't dirty my Clothes.

Biddy. Put him into the Store-room, *Tag*, this Moment.

Frib. Is it a damp Place, Mrs. *Tag*? The Floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, Sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my Death! Where's my Cambrick Handkerchief, and my Salts? I shall certainly have my Hystericks!

[*Runs in.*

Biddy. In, in, in———So now let the other come as soon as he will; I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Enter Tag.

Was my Aunt coming?

Tag. No, 'twas Mr. *Flash*, I suppose by the Length of his Stride, and the Cock of his Hat. He'll be here this Minute.———What shall we do with him?

Biddy. I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his Courage; be sure you are ready to second me--- we shall have pure Sport.

Tag. Hush! here he comes.

Enter Flash singing,

Flash. Well my Blossom, here am I! What Hopes for a poor Dog, eh? How! the Maid here! then I've lost the Town, Damme! Not a Shilling to bribe the Governor; she'll spring a Mine, and I shall be blown to the Devil.

Biddy. Don't be ashamed, Mr. *Flash*, I have told *Tag* the whole Affair, and she's my Friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine, I am certain. [*Aside.*] Well, Mrs. *Tag*, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: This young Lady and I have

have contracted ourselves; and so, if you please to stand Bride-maid, why we'll fix the Wedding-day directly.

Tag. The Wedding-day, Sir?

Flash. The Wedding-day, Sir? Ay, Sir, the Wedding-day, Sir, what have you to say to that, Sir?

Biddy. My dear Captain *Flash*, don't make such a Noise, you'll wake my Aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, Child, what then?

Biddy. She'd be frighten'd out of her Wits.

Flash. At me, Miss! frighten'd at me? *Tout au contraire*, I assure you; you mistake the Thing, Child; I have some Reason to believe I am not quite so shocking. [*Affectedly.*]

Tag. Indeed, Sir, you flatter yourself---But pray, Sir, what are your Pretensions?

Flash. The Lady's Promises, my own Passion, and the best mounted Blade in the three Kingdoms. If any Man can produce a better Title, let him take her; if not, the D---l mince me, if I give up an Atom of her.

Biddy. He's in a fine Passion, if he would but hold it.

Tag. Pray, Sir, hear Reason a little.'

Flash. I never do, Madam; it is not my Method of Proceeding; here is my Logick! [*Draws his Sword.*] Sa, Sa,---my best Argument is Cart over Arm, Madam, ha, ha, [*lunges.*] and if he answers that, Madam, through my small Guts, my Breath, Blood and Mistrefs are all at his Service---Nothing more, Madam.

Biddy. This 'll do, this 'll do.

Tag. But Sir, Sir, Sir?

Flash. But Madam, Madam, Madam: I profess Blood, Madam, I was bred up to it from a Child; I study the Book of Fate, and the Camp is my

my University; I have attended the Lectures of Prince Charles upon the *Rhine*, and *Bathiani* upon the *Po*, and have extracted Knowledge from the Mouth of a Cannon; I'm not to be frighten'd with Squibs, Madam, no, no.

Biddy. Pray dear Sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this Time——Your Passion is very fine, to be sure, and when my Aunt and *Tag* are out of the Way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

Flash. When you'd have me come again, Child? And suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? You pretend to be afraid of your Aunt; your Aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good Match when 'tis offer'd———Lookee, Miss, I'm a Man of Honour, Glory is my Aim, I have told you the Road I am in, and do you see here, Child, [*Shewing his Sword*] no Tricks upon Travellers.

Biddy. But pray, Sir, hear me.

Flash. No, no, no, I know the World, Madam: I am as well known at *Covent-Garden* as the Dail, Madam: I'll break a Lamp, bully a Constable, bam a Justice, or bilk a Box-keeper, with any Man in the Liberties of *Westminster*: What do you think of me now, Madam?

Biddy. Pray don't be so furious, Sir.

Flash. Come, come, come, few Words are best, somebody's happier than somebody, and I'm a poor silly Fellow; ha, ha,——That's all———Look you, Child, to be short, (for I'm a Man of Reflection) I have but a *Bagatelle* to say to you: I am in Love with you up to Hell and Desperation, may the Sky crush me if I am not———But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, *Biddy*! Prosperity to the happy Rival, Patience to poor *Flash*; but the first Time we meet———Gunpowder be my Per-

Perdition, but I'll have the Honour to cut a Throat with him. [Going.]

Biddy. [Stopping him.] You may meet with him now if you please.

Flash. Now, may I!—Where is he! I'll sacrifice the Villain. [Aloud.]

Tag. Hush! he's but in the next Room.

Flash. Is he? Ram me [Low.] into a Mortar-piece, but I'll have Vengeance; my Blood boils to be at him—Don't be frighten'd, Miss!

Biddy. No, Sir, I never was better pleas'd, I assure you.

Flash. I shall soon do his Business.

Biddy. As soon as you please, take your own Time.

Tag. I'll fetch the Gentleman to you immediately. [Going.]

Flash. [Stopping her.] Stay, stay, a little; what a Passion I am in!--Are you sure he is in the next Room?--I shall certainly tear him to Pieces--I would fain murder him like a Gentleman too--Besides, this Family shan't be brought into Trouble upon my Account.--I have it—I'll watch for him in the Street, and mix his Blood with the Puddle of the next Kennel. [Going.]

Biddy. [Stopping him.] No, pray, Mr. *Flash*, let me see the Battle, I shall be glad to see you fight for me, you shan't go, indeed. [Holding him.]

Tag. [Holding him.] Oh, pray, let me see you fight; there were two Gentlemen *fit* Yesterday, and my Mistress was never so diverted in her Life--I'll fetch him out. [Exit.]

Biddy. Do, stick him, stick him, Captain *Flash*; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. D — n your Love, I wish I was out of the House. [Aside.]

Biddy.

Biddy. Here he is—Now speak some of your hard Words, and run him through—

Flash. Don't be in Fits now— [*Aside to Biddy.*

Biddy. Never fear me.

Enter Tag and Fribble.

Tag. [*To Fribble.*] Take it on my Word, Sir, he is a Bully, and nothing else.

Frib. [*Frighten'd.*] I know you are my good Friend, but perhaps you don't know his Disposition.

Tag. I am confident he is a Coward.

Frib. Is he? Nay, then I'm his Man.

Flash. I like his Looks, but I'll not venture too far at first.

Tag. Speak to him, Sir.

Frib. I will---I understand, Sir,---hem---that you ---by Mrs. *Tag* here,---Sir,---who has inform'd me ---hem---that you have sent her, to inform me--- Sir,---that you would be glad to speak with me--- Demmee--- [*Turns off.*

Flash. I can speak to you, Sir,---or to any Body, Sir---or I can let it alone and hold my Tongue,---if I see Occasion, Sir, Dammee— [*Turns off.*

Biddy. Well said, Mr. *Flash*, be in a Passion.

Tag. [*To Fribble.*] Don't mind his Looks, he changes Colour already; to him, to him.

[*Pushes him.*

Frib. Don't hurry me, Mrs. *Tag*, for Heaven's sake! I shall be out of Breath before I begin, if you do,---Sir,---[*To Flash.*] If you can't speak to a Gentleman in another Manner, Sir, why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your Tongue--- Oons.

Flash. Sir, you and I are of different Opinions.

Frib.

Frib. You and your Opinion may go to the Devil
---Take that. [*Turns off to Tag.*]

Tag. Well said, Sir, the Day's your own.

Biddy. What's the Matter, Mr. *Flash*? Is all your Fury gone? Do you give me up?

Frib. I have done his Business. [*Struts about.*]

Flash. Give you up, Madam! No, Madam, when I am determin'd in my Resolutions I am always calm; 'tis our Way, Madam; and now I shall proceed to Business.---Sir, I beg to say a Word to you in private.

Frib. Keep your Distance, Fellow, and I'll answer you.---That Lady has confess'd a Passion for me, and as she has delivered up her Heart into my keeping, nothing but my 'arts Blood shall purchase it. Damnation!

Tag. Bravo! Bravo!

Flash. If those are the Conditions, I'll give you Earnest for it directly. [*Draws.*] Now, Villain, renounce all Right and Title this Minute, or the Torrent of my Rage will overflow my Reason, and I shall annihilate the Nothingness of your Soul and Body in an Instant.

Frib. I wish there was a Constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a Prejudice.

Tag. No, you won't indeed, Sir; pray bear up to him; if you wou'd but draw your Sword, and be in a Passion, he would run away directly.

Frib. Will he? [*Draws his Sword.*] Then I can no longer contain myself----Hell and the Furies! Come on, thou savage Brute.

Tag. Go on, Sir.

Here they stand in fighting Postures, while Biddy and Tag push 'em forward.

Flash. Come on.

Biddy. Go on.

Frib.

Frib. Come on, Rascal.

Tag. Go on, Sir.

Enter Captain Loveit and Puff.

Capt. What's the Matter, my Dear?

Biddy. If you won't fight, here's one that will. Oh *Rhodophil*, these two Sparks are your Rivals, and have pester'd me these two Months with their Addresses; they forced themselves into the House, and have been quarrelling about me, and disturbing the Family; if they won't fight, pray kick 'em out of the House.

Capt. What's the Matter, Gentlemen?

[They both keep their fencing Posture.]

Flash. Don't part us, Sir.

Frib. No, pray Sir don't part us, we shall do you a Mischief.

Capt. Puff, look to the other Gentleman, and call a Surgeon.

Biddy and Tag. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your Wounds, Sir?

Frib. Am I hurt, Sir?

Puff. Hurt, Sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the Light—one, two, three, thro' the Heart; and let me see—hum—Eight thro' the small Guts! Come, Sir, make it up the round Dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Come here, *Puff.*

[Whispers, and looks at Flash.]

Puff. 'Tis the very same, Sir.

Capt. *[To Flash.]* Pray, Sir, have I not had the Pleasure of seeing you abroad?

Flash. I have serv'd abroad.

Capt.

Capt. Had not you the Misfortune, Sir, to be missing at the last Engagement in *Flanders*?

Flash. I was found amongst the Dead in the Field of Battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, Sir; the Wind of a Cannon-ball struck him flat upon his Face; he had just Strength enough to creep into a Ditch, and there he was found after the Battle in a most deplorable Condition.

Capt. Pray, Sir, what Advancement did you get by the Service of that Day?

Flash. My Wounds rendered me unfit for Service, and I fold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean.—We hunted him by Scent to the Water-side, thence he took Shipping for *England*; and, taking the Advantage of my Master's Absence, has attack'd the Citadel, which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his Honour into the Ditch again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. And now, Sir, how have you dar'd to shew your Face again in open Day, or wear even the Outside of a Profession you have so much scandaliz'd by your Behaviour? I honour the Name of Soldier, and as a Party concerned am bound not to see it disgrac'd. As you have forfeited your Title to Honour, deliver up your Sword this Instant.

Flash. Nay, good Captain—

Capt. No Words, Sir.

[Takes his Sword.

Frib. He's a sad Scoundrel; I wish I had kick'd him.

Capt. The next Thing I command—leave this House, change the Colour of your Clothes and Fierceness of your Looks, appear from Top to Toe the Wretch, the very Wretch thou art; if e'er I meet thee in the military Dress again, or if you put on Looks that

that belye the native Baseness of thy Heart, be it where it will, this shall be the Reward of thy Impudence and Disobedience.

[Kicks him, he runs off.]

Biddy. Oh, my dear *Rhodophil*!

Frib. What an infamous Rascal it is! I thank you, Sir, for this Favour; but I must after, and cane him.

[Going, is stopt by the Captain.]

Capt. One Word with you too, Sir.

Frib. With me, Sir!

Capt. You need not tremble, I shan't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, Sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak Nerves.

Capt. Thou art of a Species too despicable for Correction; therefore be gone; and if I see you here again, your Insignificancy shan't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your Kindness; well, if ever I have any thing to do with Intrigues again!—

[Exit.]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your Trophy, Sir?

Capt. Take it, *Puff*, as a small Recompence for thy Fidelity; thou canst better use it than its Owner.

Puff. I wish your Honour had a Patent to take such Trifles from every pretty Gentleman that could spare 'em; I would set up the largest Cutler's Shop in the Kingdom.

Capt. Well said, *Puff*.

Biddy. But pray, Mr. Fox, how did you get out of your Hole? I thought you was lock'd in?

Capt. I shot the Bolt back when I heard a Noise, and thinking you were in Danger, I broke my Confinement without any other Consideration than your Safety.

[Kisses her Hand.]

Sir Simon. [Without.] *Biddy, Biddy, Why Tag, Tag.*
Biddy.

Biddy. There's the old Gentleman; run in, run in.
 [*Exeunt Captain and Puff. Tag opens the Door.*]

Enter Sir Simon and Jasper.

Sir Simon. Where have you been, *Biddy*? *Jasper* and I have knock'd and call'd as loud and as long as we were able: What were you doing, Child?

Biddy. I was reading Part of a Play to *Tag*, and we came as soon as we heard you.

Sir Simon. What Play, Moppet?

Tag. The *Old Batchelor*; and we were just got to old *Nykyn* as you knock'd at the Door.

Sir Simon. I must have you burn your Plays and Romances now you are mine; they corrupt your Innocence; and what can you learn from 'em?

Biddy. What you can't teach me, I'm sure.

Sir Simon. Fy, fy, Child; I never heard you talk at this Rate before; I'm afraid, *Tag*, you put these Things into her Head.

Tag. I, Sir? I vow, *Sir Simon*, she knows more than you can conceive; she surprizes me, I assure you, though I have been married these two Years, and liv'd with Batchelors most Part of my Life.

Sir Simon. Do you hear, *Jasper*? I'm all over in a Sweat.—Pray, Miss, have you not had Company this Afternoon? I saw a young Fop go out of the House as I was coming hither.

Biddy. You might have seen two, *Sir Simon*, if your Eyes had been good.

Sir Simon. Do you hear, *Jasper*?—Sure the Child is possess'd—Pray, Miss, what do they want here?

Biddy. Me, Sir; they wanted me.

Sir Simon. What did they want with you, I say?

Biddy. Why, what do you want with me?

Sir Simon. Do you hear, *Jasper*?—I am thunder-struck! I can't believe my own Ears!—Tell me the Reason, I say, why——

Tag. I'll tell you the Reason why, if you please, *Sir Simon.* Miss, you know, is a very silly young Girl, and having found out (Heav'n knows how!) that there is some little Difference between sixty-five and twenty-five, she's ridiculous enough to choose the latter; when if she'd take my Advice——

Sir Simon. You are right, *Tag*, she wou'd take me? Eh?

Tag. Yes, Sir, as the only Way to have both; for if she marries you, the other will follow of course.

Sir Simon. Do you hear, *Jasper*?

Biddy. 'Tis very true, *Sir Simon*; from knowing no better, I have set my Heart upon a young Man, and a young one I'll have; there have been three here this Afternoon.

Sir Simon. Three, *Jasper*?

Biddy. And they have been quarreling about me, and one has beat the other two. Now, *Sir Simon*, if you'll take up the Conqueror and kick him, as he has kick'd the others, you shall have me for your Reward, and my fifteen thousand Pounds into the Bargain. What says my Hero? Eh?

[Slaps him on the Back.

Sir Simon. The World's at an End——What's to be done, *Jasper*?

Jasper. Pack up and be gone; don't fight the Match, Sir.

Sir Simon. Flesh and Blood can't bear it—I'm all over Agitation—Hugh, hugh!—am I cheated by a Baby, a Doll? Where's your Aunt, you young Cockatrice—I'll let her know——she's a base Woman, and you are——

Biddy. You are in a fine Humour to shew your Valour. *Tag*, fetch the Captain this Minute, while
Sir

Sir *Simon* is warm, and let him know he is waiting here to cut his Throat [*Exit Tag.*] I lock'd him up in my Bed-chamber till you came.

Sir Simon. Here's an Imp of Darknes! What would I give that my Son *Bob* was here to thrash her Spark, while I——ravish'd the rest of the Family.

Jasper. I believe we had best retire, Sir.

Sir Simon. No, no, I must see her Bully first; and, do you hear, *Jasper*, if I put him in a Passion, do you knock him down.

Jasper. Pray keep your Temper, Sir.

Enter Captain, Tag, and Puff.

Capt. [*Approaching angrily.*] What is the Meaning, Sir?——Ounds! it is my Father, *Puff*; what shall I do? [*Aside.*

Puff. [*Drawing him by the Coat.*] Kneel again, Sir.

Sir Simon. I am enchanted! [*Starting.*

Capt. There is no Retreat, I must stand it!

Biddy. What's all this?

Sir Simon. Your humble Servant, Captain *Fire-Ball*.——You are welcome from the Wars, noble Captain. I did not think of being knock'd o'th'Head, or cut up alive by so fine a Gentleman.

Capt. I am under such Confusion, Sir, that I have not Power to convince you of my Innocence.

Sir Simon. Innocence! pretty Lamb! And so, Sir, you have left the Regiment, and the honourable Employment of fighting for your Country, to come home and cut your Father's Throat; why you'll be a great Man in Time, *Bob*!

Biddy. His Father, *Tag*!

Sir Simon. Come, come, 'tis soon done——one Stroke does it——or if you have any Qualms, let your 'Squire there perform the Operation.

Puff. Pray, Sir; don't throw such Temptations in my Way.

Capt. Hold your impudent Tongue!

Sir Simon. Why don't you speak, Mr. *Modesty*; what Excuse have you for leaving the Army, I say?

Capt. My Affection to this Lady.

Sir Simon. Your Affection, Puppy!

Capt. Our Love, Sir, has been long and mutual; what Accidents have happen'd since my going abroad, and her leaving the Country, and how I have most unaccountably met you here, I am a Stranger to; but whatever Appearances may be, I still am, and ever was, your dutiful Son.

Biddy. He talks like an Angel, *Tag*!

Sir Simon. Dutiful, Sirrah! have not you rivall'd your Father?

Capt. No, Sir, you have rivall'd me; my Claim must be prior to yours.

Biddy. Indeed, *Sir Simon*, he can shew the best Title to me.

Jasper. Sir, Sir, the young Gentleman speaks well, and as the Fortune will not go out of the Family, I would advise you to drop your Resentment, be reconcil'd to your Son, and relinquish the Lady.

Sir Simon. Ay, ay, with all my Heart—Look ye, Son, I give you the Girl, she's too much for me, I confess;—And take my Word, *Bob*, you'll catch a Tartar.

Biddy. I assure you, *Sir Simon*, I'm not the Person you take me for; if I have us'd you any ways ill, 'twas for your Son's sake, who had my Promise and Inclinations before you; and tho' I believe I should have made you a most uncomfortable Wife, I'll be the best Daughter to you in the World; and if you stand in need of a Lady, my Aunt is disengag'd, and is the best Nurse—

Sir Simon. No, no, I thank you, Child; you have so turn'd my Stomach to Marriage, I have no Appetite left—But where is this Aunt? Won't she stop your Proceedings. think you?

Tag. She's now at her Lawyer's, Sir, and if you please to go with the young Couple, and give your Approbation, I'll answer for my old Lady's Consent.

Biddy. The Captain, and I, Sir——

Sir Simon. Come, come, *Bob*, you are but an Ensign, don't impose on the Girl neither.

Capt. I had the good Fortune, Sir, to please my Royal General by my Behaviour in a small Action with the Enemy, and he gave me a Company.

Sir Simon. *Bob*, I wish you Joy! This is News indeed! And when we celebrate your Wedding, Son, I'll drink a half Pint Bumper myself to your Benefactor.

Capt. And he deserves it, Sir; such a General, by his Example and Justice, animates us to Deeds of Glory, and insures us Conquest.

Sir Simon. Right, my Boy——come along then.

[*Going.*]

Puff. Halt a little, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you please: Every Body here seems well satisfied but myself.

Capt. What's the Matter, *Puff*?

Puff. Sir, as I would make myself worthy of such a Maister, and the Name of a Soldier, I cannot put up the least Injury to my Honour.

Sir Simon. Heyday! What Flourishes are these?

Puff. Here is the Man; come forth, *Cairiff*. [*To Jasper.*] He hath confess'd this Day, that in my Absence, he hath taken Freedoms with my lawful Wife, and had dishonourable Intentions against my Bed; for which I demand Satisfaction.——

Sir Simon. [*Striking him.*] What Stuff is here, the Fellow's Brain's turn'd.

Puff. And crack'd too, Sir; but you are my Master's Father, and I submit.

Capt.

Capt. Come, come, I'll settle your Punctilios, and will take Care of you and *Tag* hereafter, provided you drop all Animosities, and shake Hands this Moment.

Puff. My Revenge gives way to my Interest, and I once again *Jasper* take thee to my Bosom.

Jasper. I'm your Friend again, *Puff*—but harkye—I fear you not; and if you'll lay aside your Steel there, as far as a broken Head or a black Eye, I'm at your Service upon Demand.

Tag. You are very good at Crowing indeed, Mr. *Jasper*; but let me tell you, the Fool that is Rogue enough to brag of a Woman's Favours, must be a Dunghill every Way—As for you, my dear Husband, shew your Manhood in a proper Place, and you need not fear these Sheep-biters.

Sir Simon. The *Abigail* is pleasant I confess, he, he!

Biddy. I'm afraid the Town will be ill-natured enough to think I have been a little coquetish in my Behaviour; but, I hope, as I have been constant to the Captain, I shall be excus'd diverting myself with Pretenders.

Ladies, to Fops and Braggarts ne'er be kind,
 No Charms can warm 'em, and no Virtues bind;
 Each Lover's Merit by his Conduct prove,
 Who fails in Honour, will be false in Love.

[*Exeunt.*]



EPILOGUE.

By the same Hand as the PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

GOOD Folks, I'm come at my young Lady's Bidding,
To say, You all are welcome to her Wedding.

*Tb' Exchange she made what Mortal here can blame?
Shew me the Maid that would not do the same.*

*For sure the greatest Monster ever seen,
Is doating Sixty coupled to Sixteen!*

*When wintry Age had almost caught the Fair,
Youth, clad in Sunshine, snatch'd her from Despair:
Like a new Semele the Virgin lay,
And clasp'd her Lover in the Blaze of Day.*

*Thus may each Maid the Toils almost intrapt-in,
Change Old Sir Simon for the brisk young Captain.*

*I love these Men of Arms, they know their Trade:
Let Dastards sue, the Sons of Fire invade!*

*They cannot bear around the Bait to nibble,
Like pretty, powder'd, patient Mr. Fribble:*

*To Dangers bred, and skilful in Command,
They storm the strongest Fortrefs, Sword in Hand!*

*Nights without Sleep, and Floods of Tears when waking,
Shew'd poor Miss Bidly was in piteous taking:*

*She's now quite well; for Maids in that Condition,
Find the young Lover is the best Physician;*

*And without Helps of Art, or Boast of Knowledge,
They cure more Women, faith, than all the College!*

But

EPILOGUE.

*But to the Point---I come with low Petition,
For, Faith, poor Bayes is in a sad Condition;
* The huge tall Hangman stands to give the Blow,
And only waits your Pleasures---Ay, or No.
If you should---Pit, Box, and Gallery, egad!
Joy turns his Senses, and the Man runs mad:
But if your Ears are shut, your Hearts are Rock,
And you pronounce the Sentence---Block to Block,
Down kneels the Bard, and leaves you when he's dead,
The empty Tribute of an Author's Head.*

* Alluding to Bayes's Prologue in the *Rehearsal*.

F I N I S.



11
THE
LYING VALET.

A
COMEDY,

In Two ACTS,

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By D. GARRICK.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.



L O N D O N,
Printed for PAUL VAILLANT.

MDCCLXIX.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sharp [the Lying Valet]	—	—	—	—	Mr. <i>Garrick.</i>
Gayless	—	—	—	—	Mr. <i>Blakes.</i>
Justice Guttle	—	—	—	—	Mr. <i>Tafwell.</i>
Beau Trippet	—	—	—	—	Mr. <i>Neal.</i>
Dick	—	—	—	—	Mr. <i>Yates.</i>

W O M E N.

Meliffa	—	—	—	—	Miss <i>Bennet.</i>
Kitty Pry	—	—	—	—	Mrs. <i>Clive.</i>
Mrs. Gadabout	—	—	—	—	Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>
Mrs. Trippet	—	—	—	—	Mrs. <i>Ridout.</i>



EPILOGUE

TO THE

LYING VALET.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying Rogue, you all agree :
And yet look round the World, and you will see }
How many more, my Betters, lye as fast as me. }
Against this Vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing, }
You'll find but few without this useful Failing. }
Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
The Lye goes round, and the Ball's never still.
My Lies were harmless, told to shew my Parts ;
And not like those, when Tongues belye their Hearts.
In all Professions you will find this Flaw ;
And in the gravest too, in Physic and in Law.
The gouty Serjeant cries, with formal Pause,
" Your Plea is good, my Friend, don't starve the Cause."
But when my Lord decrees for t'other Side,
Your Costs of Suit convince you—that he ly'd.
A Doctor comes with formal Wig and Face,
First feels your Pulse, then thinks, and knows your Case.
" Your Fever's slight, not dang'rous, I assure you ;
" Keep warm, and repetatur haustus, Sir, will cure
you."

Around

EPILOGUE.

*Around the Bed, next Day his Friends are crying :
 The Patient dies, the Doct'or's paid for Lying.
 The Poet, willing to secure the Pit,
 Gives out, his Play has Humour, Taste, and Wit :
 The Cause comes on, and while the Judges try,
 Each Groan and Catcall gives the Bard the Lye.
 Now let us ask, pray, what the Ladies do :
 They too will fib a little entre nous.*

" Lord ! " says the Prude (her Face behind her Fan)

" How can our Sex have any Joy in Man ?

" As for my Part, the best could ne'er deceive me,

" And were the Race extinct, 'twould never grieve me :

" Their Sight is odious, but their Touch—O Gad !

" The Thought of that's enough to drive one mad."

Thus rails at Man the squeamish Lady Dainty,

Yet weds, at Fifty five, a Rake of Twenty.

In short, a Beau's Intrigues, a Lover's Sighs,

The Courtier's Promise, the rich Widow's Cries,

And Patriot's Zeal, are seldom more than Lyes.

Sometimes you'll see a Man belye his Nation,

Nor to his Country shew the least Relation.

For Instance now ———

A cleanly Dutchman or a Frenchman grave,

A sober German, or a Spaniard brave,

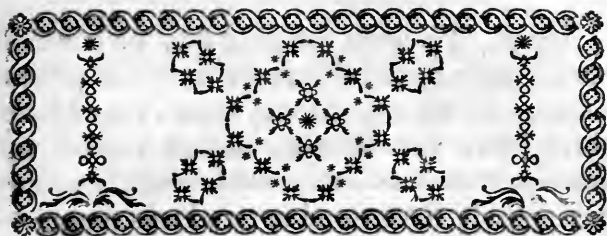
An Englishman a Coward or a Slave.

Mine, tho' a fibbing, was an honest Art :

I serv'd my Master, pay'd a faithful Part :

Rank me not therefore 'mongst the lying Crew,

For, tho' my Tongue was false, my Heart was true.



T H E

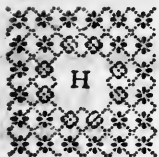
LYING VALET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

GAYLESS'S Lodgings.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

SHARP.



O W, Sir; shall you be married
To-morrow? Eh, I'm afraid you
joke with your poor humble Ser-
vant.

Gay. I tell thee, Sharp, last Night Me-
lissa consented, and fixed To-morrow for the
happy Day.

Sharp.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us in our present Condition: All your Money spent; your Moveables sold; your Honour almost ruined, and your humble Servant almost starved; we could not possibly have stood it two Days longer — But if this young Lady will marry you and relieve us, o'my Conscience I'll turn Friend to the Sex, rail no more at Matrimony, but curse the Whores, and think of a Wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolv'd to throw myself at her Feet, tell her the real Situation of my Affairs, ask her Pardon, and implore her Pity.

Sharp. After Marriage with all my Heart, Sir; but don't let your Conscience and Honour so far get the better of your Poverty and good Sense, as to rely on so great Uncertainties as a fine Lady's Mercy and Good-nature.

Gay. I know her generous Temper, and am almost persuaded to rely upon it: What, because I am poor, shall I abandon my Honour?

Sharp. Yes, you must, Sir, or abandon me: So, pray, discharge one of us; for eat I must, and speedily too: and you know very well that that Honour of yours will neither introduce you to a great Man's Table, nor get me Credit for a single Beef-steak.

Gay. What can I do?

Sharp.

Sharp. Nothing, while Honour sticks in your Throat: Do, gulp, Master, and down with it.

Gay. Prithee leave me to my Thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad Company, I'll assure you! Why you must certainly be a very great Philosopher, Sir, to moralize and declaim so charmingly as you do, about Honour and Conscience, when your Doors are beset with Bailiffs, and not one single Guinea in your Pocket to bribe the Villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your Advice, Sirrah!

Sharp. Do you be wise, and take it, Sir. But to be serious, you certainly have spent your Fortune, and out-liv'd your Credit, as your Pockets and my Belly can testify: Your Father has disown'd you; all your Friends forsook you, except myself, who am starving with you. Now, Sir, if you marry this young Lady, who as yet, thank Heaven, knows nothing of your Misfortunes, and by that means procure a better Fortune than that you squander'd away, make a good Husband, and turn Oeconomist; you still may be happy, may still be Sir William's Heir, and the Lady too no Loser by the Bargain: There's Reason and Argument, Sir.

Gay. 'Twas with that Prospect I first made Love to her; and though my Fortune has been ill spent, I have, at least, purchased Discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more Objections to the Marriage. You see I am reduced to my Waistcoat already; and when Necessity has undress'd me from Top to Toe, she must begin with you; and then we shall be forced to keep House and die by Inches. Look you, Sir, if you won't resolve to take my Advice, while you have one Coat to your Back, I must e'en take to my Heels while I have Strength to run, and something to cover me: So, Sir, wishing you much Comfort and Consolation with your bare Conscience, I am your most obedient and half-starv'd Friend and Servant. [*Going.*

Gay. Hold, Sharp, you won't leave me.

Sharp. I must eat, Sir; by my Honour and Appetite I must!

Gay. Well then, I am resolv'd to favour the Cheat, and as I shall quite change my former Course of Life, happy may be the Consequences: At least of this I am sure—

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. [*A Knocking without.*] — Who's there?

Sharp. Some of your former good Friends, who favoured you with Money at fifty per Cent. and helped you to spend it; and are now become daily Memento's to you of the Folly of trusting Rogues, following Whores, and laughing at my Advice.

Gay.

THE LYING VALET. II

Gay. Cease your Impertinence! to the Door! if they are Duns, tell 'em my Marriage is now certainly fix'd, and persuade 'em still to forbear a few Days longer, and keep my Circumstances a Secret for their Sakes as well as my own.

Sharp. O never fear it, Sir; they still have so much Friendship for you, not to desire your Ruin to their own Disadvantage.

Gay. And do you hear, Sharp, if it shou'd be any body from Melissa, say I am not at home, lest the bad Appearance we make here should make 'em suspect something to our Disadvantage.

Sharp. I'll obey you, Sir;—but I am afraid they will easily discover the consumptive Situation of our Affairs by my chop-fallen Countenance. [Exit Sharp.]

Gay. These very Rascals who are now continually dunning and persecuting me, were the very Persons who led me to my Ruin, partook of my Prosperity, and profess'd the greatest Friendship.

Sharp. [without] Upon my Word, Mrs. Kitty, my Master's not at Home.

Kitty. [without.] Lookee, Sharp, I must and will see him!

Gay. Ha, what do I hear? Melissa's Maid! What has brought her here? My Poverty has made her my Enemy too — She is certainly come with no good Intent — No Friendship there, without Fees—She's coming up Stairs.

—What must I do?—I'll get into this Closet and listen,
 [Exit Gayless.]

Enter Sharp and Kitty.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and will know too, Mr. Impertinence!

Sharp. Not of me you won't. [*Aside.*] He's not within, I tell you, Mrs. Kitty; I don't know myself: Do you think I can conjure?

Kitty. But I know you will lie abominably; therefore don't trifle with me. I come from my Mistress Melissa; you know, I suppose, what's to be done To-morrow Morning?

Sharp. Ay, and To-morrow Night too, Girl!

Kitty. Not if I can help it. [*Aside.*] — But come, where is your Master? for see him I must.

Sharp. Pray, Mrs. Kitty, what's your Opinion of this Match between my Master and your Mistress?

Kitty. Why I have no Opinion of it at all; and yet most of our Wants will be reliev'd by it too: For instance now, your Master will get a Fortune, that's what I'm afraid he wants; my Mistress will get a Husband, that's what she has wanted for some time; You will have the Pleasure of my Conversation, and I an Opportunity of breaking your Head for your Impertinence.

Sharp. Madam, I'm your most humble Servant! But I'll tell you what, Mrs. Kitty,
 I am

I am positively against the Match; for, was I a Man of my Master's Fortune—

Kitty. You'd marry if you cou'd and mend it. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Sharp, where does your Master's Estate lie?

Gay. Oh the Devil! what a Question was there! [*Aside.*]

Sharp. Lie, lie! why it lies—faith, I can't name any particular Place, it lies in so many: His Effects are divided, some here, some there; his Steward hardly knows himself.

Kitty. Scatter'd, scatter'd, I suppose. But harkee, Sharp, what's become of your Furniture? You seem to be a little bare here at present.

Gay. What has she found out that too?

[*Aside.*]

Sharp. Why, you must know, as soon as the Wedding was fixed, my Master order'd me to remove his Goods into a Friend's House, to make room for a Ball which he designs to give here the Day after the Marriage.

Kitty. The luckiest Thing in the World! for my Mistress designs to have a Ball and Entertainment here To-night before the Marriage; and that's my Business with your Master.

Sharp. The Devil it is! [*Aside.*]

Kitty. She'll not have it publick, she designs to invite only eight or ten Couple of Friends.

Sharp. No more?

Kitty.

Kitty. No more: And she order'd me to desire your Master not to make a great Entertainment.

Sharp. Oh, never fear—

Kitty. Ten or a Dozen little nice Things, with some Fruit, I believe, will be enough in all Conscience.

Sharp. Oh, curse your Conscience! [*Aside.*

Kitty. And what do you think I have done of my own Head?

Sharp. What?

Kitty. I have invited all my Lord Stately's Servants to come and see you, and have a Dance in the Kitchen: Won't your Master be surpriz'd?

Sharp. Much so, indeed!

Kitty. Well, be quick and find out your Master, and make what Haste you can with your Preparations: You have no Time to lose.—Prithee, Sharp, what's the matter with you? I have not seen you for some Time, and you seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate Face! [*Aside.* I'm in pure good Health, thank you, Mrs. Kitty; and I'll assure you, I have a very good Stomach, never better in all my Life; and I am as full of Vigour, Hussy! [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Kitty. What, with that Face! Well, bye, bye, [*going*]—oh, Sharp, what ill-looking Fellows are those, were standing about your Door

Door when I came in? They want your Master, too, I suppose.

Sharp. Hum! Yes, they are waiting for him.—They are some of his Tenants out of the Country, that want to pay him some Money.

Kitty. Tenants! What, do you let his Tenants stand in the Street?

Sharp. They chuse it; as they seldom come to Town they are willing to see as much of it as they can, when they do; they are raw, ignorant, honest People.

Kitty. Well, I must run home, farewell!—But do you hear? Get something substantial for us in the Kitchen—a Ham, a Turkey, or what you will—We'll be very merry; and be sure to remove the Tables and Chairs away there too, that we may have room to dance: I can't bear to be confined in my French Dances; tal, lal, lal, [*dancing.*] Well, adieu! Without any Compliment, I shall die if I don't see you soon. [*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. And without any Compliment, I pray Heaven you may?

Enter Gayless.

[*They look for some Time sorrowful at each other.*]

Gay. Oh, Sharp!

Sharp. Oh, Master!

Gay. We are certainly undone!

Sharp. That's no News to me!

Gay.

Gay. Eight or ten Couple of Dancers—ten or a dozen little nice Dishes, with some Fruit—my Lord Stately's Servants, Ham and Turkey!

Sharp. Say no more; the very Sound creates an Appetite: And I am sure of late I have had no Occasion for Whetters and Provocatives.

Gay. Curs'd Misfortune! What can we do?

Sharp. Hang ourselves; I see no other Remedy; except you have a Receipt to give a Ball and a Supper without Meat or Musick.

Gay. Melissa has certainly heard of my bad Circumstances, and has invented this Scheme to distress me, and break off the Match.

Sharp. I don't believe it, Sir; begging your Pardon.

Gay. No, why did her Maid then make so strict an Enquiry into my Fortune and Affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial Reasons; the first, to satisfy a Curiosity, natural to her as a Woman; the second, to have the Pleasure of my Conversation, very natural to her as a Woman of Taste and Understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious: Is not our All at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir: And yet that All of ours is of so little Consequence, that a Man, with a very small Share of Philosophy, may part from it without much Pain or Uneasiness.

How-

However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an Hour, that Mrs. Meliffa knows nothing of your Circumstances; and I'll tell you what too, Sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow Morning.

Gay. How, how, dear Sharp!

Sharp. 'Tis here, here, Sir! Warm, warm, and Delays will cool it; therefore I'll away to her, and do you be as merry as Love and Poverty will permit you.

*Would you succeed, a faithful Friend depute,
Whose Head can plan, and Front can execute.*

I am the Man, and I hope you neither dispute my Friendship or Qualification.

Gay. Indeed, I don't. Prithee be gone.

Sharp. I fly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, Meliffa's Lodgings.

Enter Meliffa and Kitty.

Mel. You surprife me, Kitty! the Master not at home! the Man in Confusion! no Furniture in the House! and ill-looking Fellows about the Doors! 'Tis all a Riddle.

Kitty. But very easy to be explain'd.

Mel. Prithee explain it then, nor keep me longer in Suspence.

Kitty. The Affair is this, Madam, Mr. Gayless is over Head and Ears in Debt; you are over Head and Ears in Love; you'll marry him To-morrow; the next Day, your whole Fortune goes to his Creditors, and you and your Children are to live comfortably upon the Remainder.

Mel. I cannot think him base.

Kitty. But I know they are all base.—You are very young, and very ignorant of the Sex; I am young too, but have more Experience: You never was in Love before; I have been in Love with an hundred, and try'd 'em all; and know 'em to be a Parcel of barbarous, perjured, deluding, bewitching Devils.

Mel. The low Wretches you have had to do with, may answer the Character you give 'em; but Mr. Gayless——

Kitty. Is a Man, Madam.

Mel. I hope so, Kitty, or I would have nothing to do with him.

Kitty. With all my Heart—I have given you my Sentiments upon the Occasion, and shall leave you to your own Inclinations.

Mel. Oh, Madam, I am much obliged to you for your great Condescension, ha, ha, ha! However, I have so great a Regard for your Opinion, that had I certain Proofs of his Villainy——

Kitty. Of his Poverty you may have a hundred; I am sure I have had none to the contrary.

THE LYING VALET. 19

Mel. Oh, there the Shoe pinches. [*Aside:*

Kitty. Nay, so far from giving me the usual Perquisites of my Place, he has not so much as kept me in Temper with little endearing Civilities; and one might reasonably expect when a Man is deficient in one Way, that he should make it up in another.

[*Knocking without.*

Mel. See who's at the Door. [*Exit Kitty.*
—I must be cautious how I hearken too much to this Girl: Her bad Opinion of Mr. Gayless seems to arise from his Disregard of her.—

Enter Sharp and Kitty.

So, Sharp; have you found your Master? Will Things be ready for the Ball and Entertainment?

Sharp. To your Wishes, Madam. I have just now bespoke the Musick and Supper, and wait now for your Ladyship's farther Commands.

Mel. My Compliments to your Master, and let him know I and my Company will be with him by Six; we design to drink Tea, and play at Cards, before we dance.

Kitty. So shall I and my Company, Mr. Sharp. [*Aside.*

Sharp. Mighty well, Madam!

Mel. Prithee, Sharp, what makes you come without your Coat? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure.

Kitty. Mr. Sharp, Madam, is of a very hot Constitution, ha, ha, ha!

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me since I came from home, I'm sure; but no matter for that.

[Sighing.

Mel. What d'ye mean?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, Madam; I beseech you don't: Let us change the Subject.

Kitty. Insist upon knowing it, Madam—My Curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst.

[Aside.

Mel. I do insist upon knowing—On pain of my Displeasure, tell me!

Sharp. If my Master should know—I must not tell you, Madam, indeed.

Mel. I promise you, upon my Honour, he never shall.

Sharp. But can your Ladyship insure Secrecy from that Quarter?

Kitty. Yes, Mr. Jackanapes, for any thing you can say.

Mel. I engage for her.

Sharp. Why then, in short, Madam—I cannot tell you.

Mel. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, Madam,—I lost my Coat in Defence of your Reputation.

Mel. In Defence of my Reputation!

Sharp.

Sharp. I will assure you, Madam, I've suffer'd very much in Defence of it; which is more than I would have done for my own.

Mel. Prithee explain.

Sharp. In short, Madam, you was seen about a Month ago, to make a Visit to my Master alone.

Mel. Alone! my Servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs. Kitty? So much the worse; for she was looked upon as my Property; and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my Master.

Kitty. What, your Property, Jackanapes?

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. Why, Madam, as I came out but now to make Preparation for you and your Company to-night; Mrs. Pryabout, the Attorney's Wife at next Door calls to me; Harkee Fellow! says she, Do you and your modest Master know that my Husband shall indict your House, at the next Parish Meeting, for a Nufance?

Mel. A Nufance!

Sharp. I said so—A Nufance! I believe none in the Neighbourhood live with more Decency and Regularity than I and my Master, as is really the Case—Decency and Regularity, cries she, with a sneer,—why, Sirrah, does not my Window look into your Master's Bed-Chamber? And did not he bring
in

in a certain Lady, such a Day? describing you, Madam. And did not I see——

Mel. See! O scandalous! What?

Sharp. Modesty requires my Silence.

Mel. Did not you contradict her?

Sharp. Contradict her! Why, I told her I was sure she ly'd: for zounds! said I, for I could not help swearing, I am so well convinced of the Lady's and my Master's Prudence, that I am sure, had they a mind to amuse themselves they would certainly have drawn the Window-Curtains.

Mel. What, did you say nothing else? Did not you convince her of her Error and Impertinence?

Sharp. She swore to such Things, that I could do nothing but swear and call Names: upon which, out bolts her Husband upon me, with a fine taper Crab in his Hand, and fell upon me with such Violence, that, being half delirious I made a full Confession.

Mel. A full Confession! What did you confess?

Sharp. That my Master lov'd Fornication; that you had no Aversion to it; that Mrs. Kitty was a Bawd, and your humble Servant a Pimp.

Kitty. A Bawd! a Bawd! Do I look like a Bawd, Madam?

Sharp. And so, Madam, in the Scuffle, my Coat was torn to Pieces as well as your Reputation.

Mel.

Mel. And so you join'd to make me infamous!

Sharp. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what could I do? His Proofs fell so thick upon me, as Witness my Head, [*shewing his Head plaster'd*] that I would have given up all the Maidenheads in the Kingdom, rather than have my Brains beat to a Jelly.

Mel. Very well!—but I'll be revenged—And did not you tell your Master of this?

Sharp. Tell him! No, Madam. Had I told him, his Love is so violent for you, that he would certainly have murdered half the Attornies in Town by this Time.

Mel. Very well!—But I'm resolved not to go to your Master's To-night.

Sharp. Heavens and my Impudence be praised. [*Aside.*]

Kitty. Why not, Madam? if you are not guilty, face your Accusers.

Sharp. Oh the Devil! ruin'd again! [*Aside.*] To be sure, face 'em by all means, Madam—They can but be abusive, and break the Windows a little:—Besides, Madam, I have thought of a Way to make this Affair quite diverting to you—I have a fine Blunderbus charg'd with half a hundred Slugs, and my Master has a delicate large Swiss Broad Sword; and between us, Madam, we shall so pepper and slice 'em, that you will die with laughing.

Mel.

Mel. What, at Murder?

Kitty. Don't fear, Madam, there will be no Murder if Sharp's concern'd.

Sharp. Murder, Madam! 'Tis Self-defence; besides, in these sort of Skirmishes, there are never more than two or three kill'd: for, supposing they bring the whole Body of Militia upon us, down but with a Brace of them; and away fly the rest of the Covey.

Mel. Persuade me never so much, I won't go; that's my Resolution.

Kitty. Why then, I'll tell you what, Madam; since you are resolv'd not to go to the Supper, suppose the Supper was to come to you: 'Tis great Pity such great Preparations as Mr. Sharp has made should be thrown away.

Sharp. So it is, as you say, Mrs. Kitty. But I can immediately run back and unbespeak what I have order'd; 'tis soon done.

Mel. But then what Excuse can I send to your Master: He'll be very uneasy at my not coming.

Sharp. Oh terribly so!—but I have it—I'll tell him you are very much out of Order,—that you were suddenly taken with the Vapours or Qualms; or what you please, Madam.

Mel. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, to make my Apology; and there's Half a Guinea for you to help your Invention.

Sharp.

Sharp. Half a Guinea!—'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with Money, that I scarcely know the current Coin of my own Country. Oh, Sharp, what Talents hast thou! to secure thy Master; deceive his Mistress; out-lie her Chambermaid; and yet be paid for thy Honesty! But my Joy will discover me. [*Aside.*] Madam, you have eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient humble Servant—Oh the Delights of Impudence and a good Understanding! [*Exit Sharp.*]

Kitty. Ha, ha, ha! Was there ever such a lying Varlet! With his Slugs and his Broad Swords; his Attorneys and broken Heads, and Nonsense! Well, Madam, are you satisfied now? Do you want more Proofs?

Mel. Of your Modesty I do: But I find, you are resolv'd to give me none.

Kitty. Madam?

Mel. I see thro' your little mean Artifice: you are endeavouring to lessen Mr. Gayless in my Opinion, because he has not paid you for Services he had no Occasion for.

Kitty. Pay me, Madam! I am sure I have very little Occasion to be angry with Mr. Gayless for not paying me, when I believe, 'tis his general Practice.

Mel. 'Tis false! He's a Gentleman and a Man of Honour, and you are——

Kitty. Not in Love, I thank Heaven!
[*Curtseying.*]

Mel. You are a Fool.

Kitty. I have been in Love ; but I am much wiser now.

Mel. Hold your Tongue, Impertinence!

Kitty. That's the severest Thing she has said yet. [*Aside.*

Mel. Leave me.

Kitty. Oh this Love, this Love is the Devil! [*Exit Kitty.*

Mel. We discover our Weaknesses to our Servants, make them our Confidants, put 'em upon an Equality with us, and so they become our Advisers——Sharp's Behaviour, tho' I seem'd to disregard it, makes me tremble with Apprehensions; and tho' I have pretended to be angry with Kitty for her Advice, I think it of too much Consequence to be neglected.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. May I speak, Madam?

Mel. Don't be a Fool. What do you want?

Kitty. There is a Servant just come out of the Country, says, he belongs to Sir William Gayles, and has got a Letter for you from his Master upon very urgent Business.

Mel. Sir William Gayles? What can this mean? Where is the Man?

Kitty. In the Little Parlour, Madam.

Mel.

Mel. I'll go to him.—My Heart flutters strangely. [Exit Melissa.

Kitty. Oh Woman, Woman, foolish Woman! she'll certainly have this Gayless: Nay, were she as well convinc'd of his Poverty as I am, she'd have him—A strong Dose of Love is worse than one of Ratisia; when it once gets into our Heads, it trips up our Heels, and then Good Night to Discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand Pounds; Upon what? Faith, little better than nothing.—He's a Man, and that's all—and Heaven knows mere Man is but small Consolation.

*Be this Advice pursu'd by each fond Maid,
Ne'er slight the Substance for an empty Shade:
Rich, weighty Sparks alone should please and charm ye;
For should Spouse cool, his Gold will always warm ye.*

End of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

Enter GAYLESS and SHARP.

Gay. **P**Rithee be serious, Sharp. Hast thou really succeeded?

Sharp. To our Wishes, Sir. In short I have managed the Business with such Skill and Dexterity, that neither your Circumstances nor my Veracity are suspected.

Gay. But how hast thou excused me from the Ball and Entertainment?

Sharp. Beyond Expectation, Sir.—But in that Particular I was obliged to have Recourse to Truth, and declare the real Situation of your Affairs. I told her we had so long disused ourselves to dressing either Dinners or Suppers, that I was afraid we should be but awkward in our Preparations. In short, Sir,—at that Instant a cursed Gnawing seized my Stomach, that I could not help telling her, that both you and myself seldom make a good Meal now-a-days once in a Quarter of a Year.

Gay. Hell and Confusion, have you betray'd me, Villain! Did you not tell me this Moment,

ment, she did not in the least suspect my Circumstances?

Sharp. No more she did, Sir, till I told her.

Gay. Very well; and was this your Skill and Dexterity?

Sharp. I was going to tell you; but you won't hear Reason; my melancholy Face and piteous Narration had such an Effect upon her generous Bowels, that she freely forgives all that's past.

Gay. Does she, Sharp?

Sharp. Yes; and desires never to see your Face again; and, as a farther Consideration for so doing, she has sent you Half-a-Guinea.

[*Shews the Money.*]

Gay. What do you mean?

Sharp. To spend it, spend it, Sir; and regale.

Gay. Villain, you have undone me!

Sharp. What, by bringing you Money, when you are not worth a Farthing in the whole World? Well, well, then to make you happy again, I'll keep it myself; and wish Somebody would take it in their Head to load me with such Misfortunes.

[*Puts up the Money.*]

Gay. Do you laugh at me, Rascal!

Sharp. Who deserves more to be laugh'd at? Ha, ha, ha! Never for the future, Sir, dispute the Success of my Negotiations, when

when even you, who know me so well, can't help swallowing my Hook. Why, Sir, I could have play'd with you backwards and forwards at the End of my Line till I had put your Senses into such a Fermentation, that you should not have known in an Hour's Time, whether you was a Fish or a Man.

Gay. Why, what is all this you have been telling me?

Sharp. A down-right Lie from Beginning to End.

Gay. And have you really excused me to her?

Sharp. No, Sir; but I have got this Half Guinea to make her Excuses to you; and, instead of a Confederacy between you and me to deceive her, she thinks she has brought me over to put the Deceit upon you.

Gay. Thou excellent Fellow!

Sharp. Don't lose Time, but slip out of the House immediately; the Back-way, I believe, will be the safest for you, and to her as fast as you can; pretend vast Surprize and Concern that her Indisposition has debarr'd you the Pleasure of her Company here to-night: You need know no more; away!

Gay. But what shall we do, Sharp? Here's her Maid again.

Sharp. The Devil she is——I wish I could poison her: for I'm sure, while she lives I can never prosper.

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Your Door was open, so I did not stand upon Ceremony.

Gay. I am sorry to hear your Mistress is taken, so suddenly.

Kitty. Vapours, Vapours only, Sir, a few matrimonial Omens, that's all; but I suppose Mr. Sharp has made her Excuses.

Gay. And tells me I can't have the Pleasure of her Company To-night. I had made a small Preparation; but 'tis no matter: Sharp shall go to the rest of the Company, and let them know 'tis put off.

Kitty. Not for the World, Sir; my Mistress was sensible you must have provided for her, and the rest of the Company; so she is resolved, tho' she can't, the other Ladies and Gentlemen shall partake of your Entertainment; she's very good-natur'd.

Sharp. I had better run, and let 'em know 'tis deferr'd.

[*Going.*

Kitty. [*Stopping him.*] I have been with 'em already, and told 'em my Mistress insists upon their coming, and they have all promised to be here; so pray, don't be under any Apprehensions, that your Preparations will be thrown away.

Gay. But as I can't have her Company, Mrs. Kitty, 'twill be a greater Pleasure to me, and a greater Compliment to her, to defer our
Mirth;

Mirth; besides, I can't enjoy any thing at present, and she not partake of it.

Kitty. Oh, no to be sure; but what can I do? My Mistress will have it so, and Mrs. Gad-about, and the rest of the Company will be here in a few Minutes; there are two or three Coachfuls of 'em.

Sharp. Then my Master must be ruin'd in spite of my Parts.

Gay. [*Afide to Sharp.*] 'Tis all over, Sharp.

Sharp. I know it, Sir.

Gay. I shall go distracted; what shall I do?

Sharp. Why, Sir, as our Rooms are a little out of Furniture at present, take 'em into the Captain's that lodges here, and set 'em down to Cards; if he should come in the mean time, I'll excuse you to him.

Kitty. I have disconcerted their Affairs, I find; I'll have some Sport with 'em.—Pray Mr. Gayless, don't order too many Things, they only make you a friendly Visit; the more Ceremony, you know, the less Welcome. Pray, Sir, let me intreat you not to be profuse. If I can be of Service, pray command me; my Mistress has sent me on purpose; while Mr. Sharp is doing the Business without Doors, I may be employed within; if you'll lend me the Keys of your Side-board [*to Sharp*] I'll dispose of your Plate to the best Advantage.

Sharp.

Sharp. Thank you, Mrs. Kitty; but it is dispos'd of already. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Kitty. Bless me, the Company's come! I'll go to the Door and conduct 'em into your Presence. [*Exit Kitty.*

Sharp. If you'd conduct 'em into a Horse-pond, and wait of 'em there yourself, we should be more obliged to you.

Gay. I can never support this!

Sharp. Rouse your Spirits and put on an Air of Gaiety, and I don't despair of bringing you off yet.

Gay. Your Words have done it effectually.

Enter Mrs. Gad-about, her Daughter and Niece, Mr. Guttle, Mr. Trippit, and Mrs. Trippit.

Gad. Ah, my dear Mr. Gayless! [*Kisses him.*

Gay. My dear Widow! [*Kisses her.*

Gad. We are come to give you joy, Mr. Gayless.

Sharp. You never was more mistaken in your Life. [*Aside.*

Gad. I have brought some Company here, I believe, is not well known to you, and I protest I have been all about the Town to get the little I have—Prissy, my Dear—Mr. Gayless, my Daughter.

Gay. And as handsome as her Mother; you must have a husband shortly, my Dear.

Prifs. I'll assure you I don't despair, Sir.

Gad. My Niece too.

Gay. I know by her Eyes she belongs to you, Widow.

Gad. Mr. Guttle, Sir, Mr. Gayless; Mr. Gayless, Justice Guttle.

Sharp. Oh Destruction! one of the Quo-
rum.

Gut. Hem, Tho' I had not the Honour of any personal Knowledge of you, yet at the Instigation of Mrs. Gad-about, I have, without any previous Acquaintance with you, throw'd aside all Ceremony to let you know that I joy to hear the Solemnization of your Nuptials is so near at hand.

Gay. Sir, tho' I cannot answer you with the same Elocution, however, Sir, I thank you with the same Sincerity.

Gad. Mr. and Mrs. Trippit, Sir, the properest Lady in the World for your purpose, for she'll dance for four-and-twenty Hours together.

Trip. My dear Charles, I am very angry with you, faith; so near Marriage and not let me know, 'twas barbarous; you thought, I suppose, I should rally you upon it; but dear Mrs. Trippit here has long ago eradicated all my antimatrimonial Principles.

Mrs. Trip. I eradicate, fye, Mr. Trippit, don't be so obscene.

Kitty. Pray, Ladies, walk into the next
Room;

Room ; Mr. Sharp can't lay his Cloth till you are set down to Cards.

Gad. One thing I had quite forgot ; Mr. Gayless, my Nephew who you never saw, will be in Town from France presently, so I left Word to send him here immediately to make one.

Gay. You do me Honour, Madam.

Sharp. Do the Ladies chuse Cards or the Supper first ?

Gay. Supper ! what does the Fellow mean ?

Gut. Oh, the Supper by all Means, for I have eat nothing to signify since Dinner.

Sharp. Nor I, since last Monday was a Fortnight. [*Aside.*]

Gay. Pray, Ladies, walk into the next Room ; Sharp, get Things ready for Supper, and call the Musick.

Sharp. Well said Master.

Gad. Without Ceremony, Ladies.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Kitty. I'll to my Mistress, and let her know every Thing is ready for her Appearance.

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Guttle *ana* Sharp.

Gut. Pray Mr. what's your Name, don't be long with Supper : but harkee, what can I do in the mean Time ? Suppose you get me a

Pipe and some good Wine, I'll try to divert myself that way till Supper's ready.

Sharp. Or suppose, Sir, you was to take a Nap till then, there's a very easy Couch in that Closet.

Gut. The best Thing in the World, I'll take your Advice; but be sure to wake me when Supper is ready. [*Exit Guttle.*]

Sharp. Pray Heaven you may not wake till then——What a fine Situation my Master is in at present, I have promised him my Assistance, but his Affairs are in so desperate a Way, that I am afraid 'tis out of my Skill to recover 'em. Well, Fools have Fortune, says an old Proverb, and a very true one it is, for my Master and I are two of the most unfortunate Mortals in the Creation.

Enter Gayles.

Gay. Well, Sharp, I have set 'em down to Cards, and now what have you to propose?

Sharp. I have one Scheme left, which in all Probability may succeed. The good Citizen, overloaded with his last Meal, is taking a Nap in that Closet, in order to get him an Appetite for yours. Suppose, Sir, we should make him treat us.

Gay. I don't understand you.

Sharp. I'll pick his Pocket, and provide us a Supper with the Booty.

Gay.

Gay. Monstrous! for without considering the Villainy of it, the Danger of waking him makes it impracticable!

Sharp. If he wakes I'll smother him, and lay his Death to Indigestion—a very common Death among the Justices.

Gay. Prithee be serious, we have no Time to lose; can you invent nothing to drive 'em out of the House?

Sharp. I can fire it.

Gay. Shame and Confusion so perplex me, I cannot give myself a Moment's Thought.

Sharp. I have it; did not Mrs. Gad-about say her Nephew would be here?

Gay. She did.

Sharp. Say no more, but in to your Company; if I don't send 'em out of the House for the Night, I'll at least frighten their Stomachs away; and if this Stratagem fails, I'll relinquish Politicks, and think my Understanding no better than my Neighbours.

Gay. How shall I reward thee, Sharp?

Sharp. By your Silence and Obedience; away to your Company, Sir. [*Exit Gayless.* Now, dear Madam Fortune, for once open your Eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate Man of Parts addressing you; now is your Time to convince your Foes, you are not that blind whimsical Whore they take you for; but let 'em see by your assisting me, that Men of Sense, as well as Fools, are sometimes

times intitled to your Favour and Protection. — So much for Prayer, now for a great Noise and a Lye. [*goes aside and cries out.* Help, help, Master! help, Gentlemen, Ladies! Murder, Fire, Brimstone! help, help, help!

Enter Mr. Gayle's and the Ladies, with Cards in their Hands, and Sharp enters running and meets 'em.

Gay. What's the Matter?

Sharp. Matter, Sir, if you don't run this Minute with that Gentleman, this Lady's Nephew will be murder'd; I am sure 'twas he, he was set upon the Corner of the Street, by four; he has kill'd two, and if you don't make haste, he'll be either murdered or took to Prison.

Gad. For Heaven's Sake, Gentlemen, run to his Assistance. How I tremble for Melissa! this Frolick of her's may be fatal. [*Aside.*

Gay. Draw, Sir, and follow me.

[*Exit Gay. and Gad.*

Trip. Not I; I don't care to run myself into needless Quarrels; I have suffered too much formerly by flying into Passions; besides, I have pawn'd my Honour to Mrs. Trip-pit, never to draw my Sword again; and in her present Condition, to break my Word might have fatal Consequences.

Sharp.

Sharp. Pray, Sir, don't excuse yourself, the young Gentleman may be murdered by this Time.

Trip. Then my Assistance will be of no Service to him; however—I'll go to oblige you, and look on at a Distance.

Mrs. Trip. I shall certainly faint, Mr. Tripit, if you draw.

Enter Guttle, disorder'd as from Sleep.

Gut. What Noise and Confusion is this?

Sharp. Sir, there's a Man murder'd in the Street.

Gut. Is that all—zounds, I was afraid you had throw'd the Supper down—a Plague of your Noise—I shan't recover my Stomach this half Hour.

Enter Gayless and Gadabout, with Melissa in Boys Cloaths, dressed in the French Manner.

Gad. Well, but my dear *Jemmy*, you are not hurt, sure?

Mel. A little with riding Post only.

Gad. Mr. *Sharp* alarm'd us all with an Account of your being set upon by four Men; that you had kill'd two, and was attacking the other when he came away, and when we met you at the Door, we were running to your Rescue.

Mel.

Mel. I had a small Rencontre with half a dozen Villains; but finding me resolute, they were wise enough to take to their Heels; I believe I scratcht some of 'em.

[*Laying her Hand to her Sword.*]

Sharp. His Vanity has sav'd my Credit. I have a Thought come into my Head may prove to our Advantage, provided Monsieur's Ignorance bears any Proportion to his Impudence. [Aside.]

Gad. Now my Fright's over, let me introduce you, my Dear, to Mr. Gayless; Sir, this is my Nephew.

Gay. [*Saluting her.*] Sir, I shall be proud of your Friendship.

Mel. I don't doubt but we shall be better acquainted in a little Time.

Gut. Pray, Sir, what News in France?

Mel. Faith, Sir, very little that I know of in the political Way; I had no Time to spend among the Politicians. I was——

Gay. Among the Ladies, I suppose.

Mel. Too much indeed. Faith, I have not Philosophy enough to resist their Solicitations; you take me. [To Gayless aside.]

Gay. Yes, to be a most incorrigible Fop; s'Death, this Puppy's Impertinence is an Addition to my Misery. [Aside to Sharp.]

Mel. Poor Gayless! to what Shifts is he reduced? I cannot bear to see him much longer in this Condition, I shall discover myself. [Aside to Gad-about.]

Gad.

Gad. Not before the End of the Play; besides, the more his Pain now, the greater his Pleasure when relieved from it.

Trip. Shall we return to our Cards? I have a *sans prendre* here, and must insist you play it out.

Ladies. With all my Heart.

Mel. *Alons donc.*

[*As the Company goes out, Sharp pulls Melissa by the Sleeve.*]

Sharp. Sir, Sir, shall I beg Leave to speak with you? Pray did you find a Bank-Note in your Way hither?

Mel. What, between here and Dover do you mean?

Sharp. No, Sir, within twenty or thirty Yards of this House.

Mel. You are drunk, Fellow.

Sharp. I am undone, Sir, but not drunk, I'll assure you.

Mel. What is all this?

Sharp. I'll tell you, Sir: A little while ago my Master sent me out to change a Note of Twenty Pounds; but I unfortunately hearing a Noise in the Street of, Damn-me, Sir, and clashing of Swords, and Rascal, and Murder; I runs up to the Place, and saw four Men upon one; and having heard you was a mettlesome young Gentleman, I immediately concluded it must be you; so ran back to call my Master, and when I went to look for the

F Note

Note to change it, I found it gone, either stole or lost; and if I don't get the Money immediately, I shall certainly be turned out of my Place, and lose my Character——

Mel. I shall laugh in his Face. [*Aside.* Oh, I'll speak to your Master about it, and he will forgive you at my Intercession.

Sharp. Ah, Sir! you don't know my Master.

Mel. I'm very little acquainted with him; but I have heard he's a very good-natured Man.

Sharp. I have heard so too, but I have felt it otherwise; he has so much Good-nature, that, if I could compound for one Broken-head a Day, I should think myself very well off.

Mel. Are you serious, Friend?

Sharp. Look'e, Sir, I take you for a Man of Honour; there is something in your Face that is generous, open, and masculine; you don't look like a foppish, effeminate Tell-tale; so I'll venture to trust you—See here, Sir, [*shews his Head*] these are the Effects of my Master's Good-nature.

Mel. Matchless Impudence! [*Aside.*] Why do you live with him then after such Usage?

Sharp. He's worth a great deal of Money, and when he's drunk, which is commonly once a Day, he's very free, and will give me any thing; but I design to leave him when he's married, for all that.

Mel.

Mel. Is he going to be married then?

Sharp. To-morrow, Sir, and between you and I, he'll meet with his Match, both for Humour and something else too?

Mel. What she drinks too?

Sharp. Damnably, Sir; but mum—You must know this Entertainment was design'd for Madam to-night; but she got so very gay after Dinner, that she could not walk out of her own House; so her Maid, who was half gone too, came here with an Excuse, that Mrs. Melissa had got the Vapours; and so she had indeed violently; here, here, Sir.

[*Pointing to his Head.*

Mel. This is scarcely to be borne. [*Aside.*] Melissa! I have heard of her; they say she's very whimsical.

Sharp. A very Woman, and please your Honour; and, between you and I, none of the mildest and wisest of her Sex—But to return, Sir, to the Twenty Pounds.

Mel. I am surprized, you, who have got so much Money in his Service, should be at a Loss for Twenty Pounds, to save your Bones at this Juncture.

Sharp. I have put all my Money out at Interest; I never keep above five Pounds by me; and if your Honour would lend me the other fifteen and take my Note for it. [*Knocking.*

Mel. Somebody's at the Door.

Sharp. I can give very good Security.

[*Knocking.*

Mel.

Mel. Don't let the People wait, Mr.—

Sharp. Ten Pounds will do. [Knocking.

Mel. *Allez vous en.*

Sharp. Five, Sir. [Knocking.

Mel. *Je ne puis pas.*

Sharp. *Je ne puis pas.*—I find we shan't understand one another, I do but lose Time; and, if I had any Thought, I might have known these young Fops return from their Travels generally with as little Money as Improvement. [Exit Sharp.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha, what Lies does this Fellow invent, and what Rogueries does he commit for his Master's Service? There never was a more faithful Servant to his Master, or a greater Rogue to the rest of Mankind. But here he comes again, the Plot thickens, I'll in and observe Gayless.

[Exit Melissa.

Enter Sharp before several Persons with Dishes in their Hands, and a Cook drunk.

Sharp. Fortune, I thank thee, the most lucky Accident! [*Aside.*] This Way, Gentlemen, this Way.

Cook. I am afraid I have mistook the House. Is this Mr. *Treatwell's*?

Sharp. The same, the same: What, don't you know me?

Cook. Know you!—Are you sure there was a Supper bespoke here?

Sharp.

Sharp. Yes : Upon my Honour, Mr. Cook, the Company is in the next Room, and must have gone without, had not you brought it. I'll draw a Table. I see you have brought a Cloth with you ; but you need not have done that, for we have a very good Stock of Linnen—at the Pawnbroker's. [*Aside.*—

[*Exit, and returns immediately, drawing in a Table.*

Come, come, my Boys, be quick, the Company began to be very uneasy ; but I knew my old Friend Lick-spit here would not fail us.

Cook. Lick-spit ! I am no Friend of yours ; so I desire less Familiarity ; Lick-spit too !

Enter Gayless, and stares.

Gay. What is all this ?

Sharp. Sir, if the Sight of the Supper is offensive, I can easily have it removed.

[*Aside to Gayless.*

Gay. Prithee explain thyself, Sharp.

Sharp. Some of our Neighbours, I suppose, have bespoke this Supper ; but the Cook has drank away his Memory, forgot the House, and brought it here ; however, Sir, if you dislike it, I'll tell him of his Mistake, and send him about his Business.

Gay. Hold, hold, Necessity obliges me against my Inclination to favour the Cheat, and feast at my Neighbour's Expence.

Cook.

Cook. Hark you, Friend, is that your Master?

Sharp. Ay, and the best Master in the World.

Cook. I'll speak to him then—Sir, I have according to your Commands, dress'd as genteel a Supper as my Art and your Price would admit of.

Sharp. Good again, Sir, 'tis paid for.

[*Aside to Gayless.*

Gay. I don't in the least question your Abilities, Mr. Cook, and I am oblig'd to you for your Care.

Cook. Sir, you are a Gentleman,—and if you would look but over the Bill and approve it [*pulls out a Bill*] you will over and above return the Obligation.

Sharp. Oh the Devil!

Gay. [*looking on a Bill.*] Very well, I'll send my Man to pay you To-morrow.

Cook. I'll spare him that Trouble, and take it with me, Sir—I never work but for ready Money.

Gay. Hah?

Sharp. Then you won't have our Custom.

[*Aside.*

My Master is busy now, Friend; do you think he won't pay you?

Cook. No Matter what I think; either my Meat or my Money.

Sharp. 'Twill be very ill-convenient for him to pay you To-night.

Cook.

Cook. Then I'm afraid it will be ill-convenient to pay me To-morrow, so d'ye hear—

Enter Meliffa.

Gay. Prithee be advis'd, s'death, I shall be discover'd. [*Takes the Cook aside.*]

Mel. [*to Sharp.*] What's the Matter?

Sharp. The Cook has not quite answer'd my Master's Expectations about the Supper, Sir, and he's a little angry at him, that's all.

Mel. Come, come, Mr. Gayless, don't be uneasy, a Batchelor cannot be supposed to have Things in the utmost Regularity; we don't expect it.

Cook. But I do expect it, and will have it.

Mel. What does that drunken Fool say?

Cook. That I will have my Money, and I won't stay till to-morrow—and, and—

Sharp. [*runs and stops Mouth.*] Hold, hold, what are you doing? Are you mad?

Mel. What do you stop the Man's Breath for?

Sharp. Sir, he was going to call you Names. —Don't be abusive, Cook, the Gentleman is a Man of Honour, and said nothing to you; pray be pacify'd, you are in Liquor.

Cook. I will have my——

Sharp. [*holding still.*] Why, I tell you, Fool, you mistake the Gentleman; he is a Friend of
my

my Master's, and has not said a Word to you.—Pray, good Sir, go into the next Room; the Fellow's drunk, and takes you for another.—You'll repent this when you are sober, Friend—Pray, Sir, don't stay to hear his Impertinence.

Gay. Pray, Sir, walk in—He's below your Anger.

Mel. Damn the Rascal! what does he mean by affronting me!—Let the Scoundrel go, I'll polish his Brutality, I warrant you: Here's the best Reformer of Manners in the Universe. [*Draws his Sword.*] Let him go, I say.

Sharp. So, so, you have done finely, now, —Get away as fast as you can; he's the most courageous mettlesome Man in all England —Why, if his Passion was up he could eat you.—Make you Escape, you Fool!

Cook. I won't—Eat me! He'll find me damn'd hard of Digestion tho'—

Sharp. Prithee come here; let me speak with you. [*They walk aside.*]

Enter Kitty.

Kitty. Gad's me, is Supper on the Table already!—Sir, Pray defer it for a few Moments; my Mistress is much better, and will be here immediately.

Gay.

Gay. Will she, indeed! Bless me—I did not expect—but however—Sharp?

Kitty. What Success, Madam?

[*Aside to Melissa.*

Mel. As we could wish, Girl—but he is in such Pain and Perplexity I can't hold it out much longer.

Kitty. Ay, that holding out is the Ruin of half our Sex.

Sharp. I have pacify'd the Cook, and if you can but borrow twenty Pieces of that young Prig, all may go well yet; you may succeed, though I could not: Remember what I told you——about it straight, Sir,——

Gay. Sir, Sir, [*to Melissa*] I beg to speak a Word with you; my Servant, Sir, tells me he has had the Misfortune, Sir, to lose a Note of mine of Twenty Pounds, which I sent him to receive—and the Banker's shops being shut up and having very little Cash by me, I should be much obliged to you if you would favour me with twenty Pieces till To-morrow.

Mel. Oh, Sir, with all my Heart, [*Taking out her Purse*] and as I have a small Favour to beg of you, Sir, the Obligation will be mutual.

Gay. How may I oblige you, Sir?

Mel. You are to be marry'd, I hear, to Melissa.

Gay. To-morrow, Sir.

Mel. Then you'll oblige me, Sir, by never seeing her again.

Gay. Do you call this a small Favour, Sir!

Mel. A mere Trifle, Sir—breaking of Contracts, suing for Divorces, committing Adultery, and such-like, are all reckon'd Trifles now-a-days; and smart young Fellows, like you and myself, Gayless, should be never out of Fashion.

Gay. But pray, Sir, how are you concerned in this Affair!

Mel. Oh Sir, you must know I have a very great Regard for Melissa, and, indeed, she for me; and by the by, I have a most despicable Opinion of you; for, *entre nous*, I take you, Charles, to be a very great Scoundrel.

Gay. Sir!

Mel. Nay, don't look fierce, Sir! and give yourself Airs—Damme, Sir, I shall be thro' your Body else in the snapping of a Finger.

Gay. I'll be as quick as you, Villain!

[*Draws and makes at Melissa.*]

Kitty. Hold, hold, Murder! you'll kill my Mistress—the young Gentleman I mean.

Gay. Ah! her Mistress! [*Drops his Sword.*]

Sharp. How! Melissa! nay, then drive away Cart—All's over now.

Enter all the Company laughing.

Gad. What, Mr. Gayless, engaging with Melissa before your Time. Ha, ha, ha!

Kitty. Your humble Servant, good Mr. Politician [*to Sharp.*] This is, Gentlemen and Ladies, the most celebrated and ingenious Timothy

mothy Sharp, Schemer-general and redoubted Squire to the most renowned and fortunate Adventurer Charles Gayless, Knight of the Woeful Countenance: Ha, ha, ha!—Oh that dismal Face, and more dismal Head of yours. [*Strikes Sharp upon the Head.*

Sharp. 'Tis cruel in you to disturb a Man in his last Agonies.

Mel. Now, Mr. Gayless!—what, not a Word! you are sensible I can be no Stranger to your Misfortunes, and I might reasonably expect an Excuse for your ill Treatment of me.

Gay. No, Madam, Silence is my only Refuge; for to endeavour to vindicate my Crimes would shew a greater Want of Virtue than even the Commission of them.

Mel. Oh, Gayless! 'twas poor to impose upon a Woman, and one that lov'd you too.

Gay. Oh most unpardonable; but my Necessities——

Sharp. And mine, Madam, were not to be match'd I'm sure o'this side starving.

Mel. His Tears have softened me at once—Your Necessities, Mr. Gayless, with such real Contrition, are too powerful Motives not to affect the Breast already prejudic'd in your Favour—You have suffer'd too much already for your Extravagance; and as I take part in your Sufferings, 'tis easing myself to relieve you: Know therefore, all that's past I freely forgive.

Gay. You cannot mean it sure? I am lost in Wonder!

Mel. Prepare yourself for more Wonder— You have another Friend in Masquerade here : Mr. Cook, pray throw aside your Drunkenness, and make your sober Appearance—Don't you know that Face, Sir ?

Cook. Ay, Master, what have you forgot your Friend Dick, as you us'd to call me ?

Gay. More Wonder indeed ! don't you live with my Father ?

Mel. Just after your hopeful Servant there had left me, comes this Man from Sir William with a Letter to me ; upon which (being by that wholly convinced of your necessitous Condition) I invented, by the Help of Kitty and Mrs. Gadabout, this little Plot, in which your Friend Dick there has acted Miracles, resolving to teaze you a little, that you might have a greater Relish for a happy Turn in your Affairs. Now, Sir, read that Letter, and compleat your Joy.

Gay. [*Reads.*] “ Madam, I am Father to
“ the unfortunate young Man, who, I hear
“ by a Friend of mine (that by my Desire
“ has been a continual Spy upon him) is
“ making his Addresses to you ; if he is so
“ happy as to make himself agreeable to you
“ (whose Character I am charm'd with) I shall
“ own him with Joy for my Son, and forget
“ his former Follies.

“ I am, Madam,

“ Your most humble Servant,

“ WILLIAM GAYLESS.”

P. S.

“ P.S. I will be soon in Town myself to congratulate his Reformation and Marriage.”

Oh, Melissa, this is too much ; thus let me shew my Thanks and Gratitude, [*Kneeling, she raises him*] for here 'tis only due.

Sharp. A Reprieve! a Reprieve! a Reprieve!

Kitty. I have been, Sir, a most bitter Enemy to you ; but since you are likely to be a little more conversant with Cash than you have been, I am now, with the greatest Sincerity, your most obedient Friend and humble Servant. And I hope, Sir, all former Enmity will be forgotten.

Gay. Oh, Mrs. Pry, I have been too much indulged with Forgiveness myself not to forgive lesser Offences in other People.

Sharp. Well then, Madam, since my Master has vouchsaf'd Pardon to your Handmaid Kitty, I hope you'll not deny it to his Footman Timothy.

Mel. Pardon ! for what ?

Sharp. Only for telling you about ten thousand Lies, Madam, and, among the rest, insinuating that your Ladyship would——

Mel. I understand you ; and can forgive any thing, Sharp, that was design'd for the Service of your Master ; and if Pry and you will follow our Example, I'll give her a small Fortune as a Reward for both your Fidelities.

Sharp. I fancy, Madam, 'twould be better to halve the small Fortune between us, and

keep us both single; for as we shall live in the same House, in all Probability we may taste the Comforts of Matrimony, and not be troubled with its Inconveniences. What say you, Kitty?

Kitty. Do you hear, Sharp, before you talk of the Comforts of Matrimony, taste the Comforts of a good Dinner, and recover your Flesh a little; do, Puppy.

Sharp. The Devil backs her, that's certain; and I am no match for her at any Weapon.

Mel. And now, Mr. Gayless, to shew I have not provided for you by Halves, let the Musick prepare themselves, and, with the Approbation of the Company, we'll have a Dance.

All. By all means a Dance.

Gut. By all means a Dance—after Supper tho'—

Sharp. Oh, pray, Sir, have Supper first, or, I'm sure, I shan't live till the Dance is finish'd.

Gay. Behold, Melissa, as sincere a Convert as ever Truth and Beauty made. The wild impetuous Sallies of my Youth are now blown over, and a most pleasing Calm of perfect Happiness succeeds.

*Thus Ætna's Flames the verdant Earth consume,
But milder Heat makes drooping Nature Bloom:
So virtuous Love affords us springing Joy,
Whilst vicious Passions, as they burn, destroy.*

12
—
L I L L I P U T.

A

Dramatic Entertainment.

As it is performed at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

— *Eadem cupient, facientque* MINORES. JUVEN. Sat. I.



L O N D O N:

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-Street*, in the *Strand*.

MDCCLVII.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE GREAT BRITAIN

DICTIONARY OF THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN

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DANIEL ROBERTSON

STRAND, Dec. 11, 1756.

To the R E A D E R.

*T*HE following Letter came to my Hands on Friday. I hope the Author will excuse my printing it, as it will be impossible for me to read it to every Person who has made, or shall make, Objections to his Performance.

I am, the READER'S

Most Obedient Servant,

PAUL VAILLANT.

R——, Dec. 8, 1756.

To Mr. VAILLANT.

S I R,

I Thank you for your Letter and the Criticisms, which, by some Mistake, I did not receive till this Morning. I am surprized that you should seem uneasy at the Objections which are made to *Lilliput*; for, be assured, if it is worth carping at, it will be worth buying; and then it will, at least, answer Your End ——— However, since the Criticks, as
you

you call 'em, will nibble at my Dramatic Morfel, I shall, like my Brother *Bayes*, throw a Crust among 'em, that will rub their Gums a little, I'll warrant ye — They are angry, you say, that I make FRIPPEREL talk of *fring a Broadside* ; when it may be seen in GULLIVER'S *Travels*, that the People of *Lilliput*, had not the Use of Gunpowder. In answer to which, I shall quote a Passage from a *Lilliputian* Manuscript, which was brought over by GULLIVER, and shewn to me by the Gentleman to whom he left all his Curiosities — The Passage is this — *Udel mis Aleph penden tipadel quif menef duren* — This, I think, will satisfy you, Mr. *Vaillant*, and stop the Mouth of the most voracious Critic of them all — They likewise complain, with some Warmth, that in the magnificent Entry of *Gulliver* into the Capital, there is but one Lady of Quality, (Lady *Flimnap*) and her Retinue, in the Procession. — This Objection, I must confess, has Weight with it, and is a great Oversight ; not of the Author, but of the Manager ; for in a Letter to him, a Copy of which I can produce, I gave him my full and free Permission to make as many Ladies of Quality for the Purpose, as he should think proper.

Many, you tell me, think the Performance too *satyrical* upon the Ladies — of *Lilliput*, I hope they mean — for I defy any of the Objectors to produce me a Woman of Fashion of their Acquaintance, who has any Follies in common with those in the following Piece ; the Ingredients that compose the Ladies of the two Nations are as different (I speak it with great Deference to Mr. *Walter Baker*) as those which are to be found in the Powders of Dr. *James*, and those of the late Baron *Schwanberg* — But their capital Objection is, that I have deviated from *Gulliver's* true History, in order to defame a Woman of the first Quality, whose Innocence

cence has been so justly celebrated by Capt. *Lemuel* himself.

Mr. *Jacob Wilkinson*, an old Gentleman, who was formerly a Haberdasher at *Redriff*, and an Intimate of *Gulliver's*, has frequently related to me many Anecdotes of his Friend — and particularly last Summer, at our *Sunday Evening Club*, when we had sat pretty late, and all the Company had left us but Mr. *R—*, the Attorney; the Rev. Mr. *P—*, Mr. Justice *D—*, and myself, he told us the following curious Circumstance.

My good Friend the Captain (said he, with some Emotion) protested to me, upon his Death-Bed, that tho' he was a great Traveller, and a Writer of Travels, he never published but one Falshood, and that was about the *Lady Flimnap*. He acknowledged, that notwithstanding his Endeavours to justify her Innocence in his Book, she had really confessed a Passion for him, and had proposed to elope with him, and fly to *England*; and as he thought the Knowledge of this Fact, which lay heavy upon his Conscience, could not, after so long a Time, sully the Honour of the *Flimnap-Family*, he begg'd of me to publish it to the World — I have obey'd my Friend's Command in Part — I have told it in Conversation to a Multitude of People; but I think it also incumbent upon me to print it — Pray give me your Opinion, Gentlemen, in what Manner shall I usher it into the World?

The *Clergyman* said, it was pity the Captain had not left a Sum of Money for a Funeral Sermon, as the Story might very aptly have been introduced in it among the rest of his Virtues, and given the Sermon a great Sale.

The *Justice* imagined, that it might more properly be introduced in a Charge to the Grand Jury, as it was a strong Instance of the Force of Truth,
in

in contra-distinction to the present loose Morals of the Age.

My Friend the *Attorney* advised the printing a Narrative, and immediately prosecuting the Publisher — That they then might proceed to Trial, which being a rich one, would make a great Noise, and the printing of it would quickly disperse the Story throughout the three Kingdoms. — When my Opinion was asked, I complimented my three Neighbours upon their great Sagacity, and begg'd Leave to give them a Maxim of *Horace*;

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per Aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,*

And therefore I propos'd throwing the Story into a little *Drama*; which might, if properly spirited, have some Success from its Novelty. — And, upon intimating that the Play-houses are generally as much crouded as the Courts of Justice, the Quarter Sessions, or indeed the Churches — they approved of my Plan, laughed heartily at the Conceit, and Mr. *Wilkinson* intreated me to undertake it.

Thus, Sir, have I given you the History of my Performance: What the Merit of it is, will be best known to the Spectators. However, if it is the Means of helping so many poor Children (as you tell me are employ'd in the Piece) to some Mince-Pies this *Christmas*, tho' your printed Copies of it should be found at the Bottom of 'em, I shall not think that I have spent some leisure Hours unprofitably.

I am, S I R,

Your sincere Friend and Servant.

W. C.

P R O -

P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. GARRICK.

SPOKEN by Mr. WOODWARD.

BEHOLD a Conjuror — that's something new, —
For as Times go — my Brethren are but few.
I'm come with magic Ring, and taper Wand,
To waft you far from this your Native Land.
Ladies, don't fear — my Coach is large and easy,
I know your Humours, and will drive to please ye ;
Gently you'll ride, as in a Fairy Dream,
Your Hoops unsqueez'd, and not a Beau shall scream.
What still disorder'd ! — well, — I know your Fright —
You shall be back in Time for Cards to Night ;
Swift as Queen Mab within her Hazle Nut,
I'll set you safely down at Lilliput.
Away we go — Ge' up — Ladies keep your Places,
And Gentlemen — for Shame — don't screw your Faces.
Softly my Imps and Fiends — you Criticks there }
Pray you sit still — or I can never steer,
My Dev'ls, are not the Dev'ls you need to fear.
Hold fast my Friends above — for faith we spin it ;
My usual Rate's a Thousand Miles a Minute.
A Statesman, now, could tell how high we soar —
Statesmen have been these Airy Faunts before.
I see the Land — the Folks — what Limbs ! what Features !
There's Lords and Ladies too — the pretty Creatures !

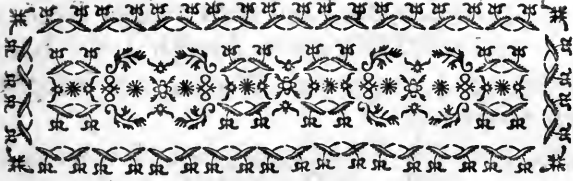
Now to your Sight these Puppets I'll produce,
Which may, if rightly heeded, turn to Use ;
Puppets not made of Wood, and play'd with Wires,
But Flesh and Blood, and full of strange Desires.
So strange — you'll scarce believe me should I tell —
For Giant Vices may in Pigmies dwell.
Beware you lay not to the Conjuror's Charge,
That these in Miniature, are you in Large :
To You these little Folks have no Relation, }
As diff'rent in their Manners, as their Nation,
To shew your Pranks requires no Conjuratation.
Open your Eyes and Ears — your Mouths be shut,
England is vanish'd — (waves his Wand) — Enter Lilliput.
(Strikes the Curtain and sinks.)

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Lord FLIMNAP</i>	—	<i>Master CAUTHERLY.</i>
<i>BOLGOLAM</i>	—	<i>Master SIMPSON.</i>
<i>FRIPPEREL</i>	—	<i>Master LARGEAU.</i>
<i>LALCON</i>	—	<i>Miss POPE.</i>
<i>GULLIVER</i>	—	<i>Mr. BRANSBY.</i>
<i>A Number of Lilliputian Citizens, &c.</i>	}	<i>Messrs. POPE, HURST, MARTIN, &c.</i>
<i>Lady FLIMNAP</i>	—	<i>Miss SIMPSON.</i>
<i>TOADEL</i>	—	<i>Miss MATHEWS.</i>





LILLIPUT.

SCENE I.

Lord FLIMNAP's Apartment.

Enter FLIMNAP.

T HIS Marriage is the Devil — I have sold my Liberty, Ease and Pleasure; and in Exchange have got a Wife, a very Wife! —

Ambition began my Misery, and Matrimony has compleated it — But have not other Men of Quality Wives, nay fashionable Wives, and yet are happy? — Then why am not I? — Because I am a Fool, a singular

B

Fool,

Fool, who am troubled with vulgar Feelings, and awkward Delicacies; though I was born a Nobleman, know the World, and keep the best Company.

Enter BOLGOLAM.

BOLGOLAM.

What, in the Dumps, Brother *Flimnap*?

FLIMNAP.

Aye, Brother, deeply so.

BOLGOLAM.

Why, what's the Matter?

FLIMNAP.

I am married.

BOLGOLAM.

And to my Sister — If she wrongs you, I'll do you Justice; and if you wrong her, I shall cut your Throat — that's all.

FLIMNAP.

My dear Admiral, I know your Friendship, and your Honour, and can trust both; I have sent for you and your Brother *Fripperel*, as my Wife's nearest Relations, to open my Heart to you, and to beg your Advice and Assistance.

BOL-

B O L G O L A M .

He advise you! what can he advise you about! He was bred to nothing but to pick his Teeth, and dangle after a Court: So, unless you have a Coat to lace, a Feather to choofe, or a Monkey to buy, *Fripperel* can't assist you.

F L I M N A P .

But he is the Brother of my Wife, Admiral.

B O L G O L A M .

So much the worse for her and you too, perhaps — If she has listened to him, I shan't be surprized that you have a bad Time of it: Such Fellows as he, who call themselves fine Gentlemen, forsooth, corrupt the Morals of a whole Nation.

F L I M N A P .

Indeed, Admiral, you are too severe.

B O L G O L A M .

Indeed, my Lord *Flimnap*, I speak the Truth — Time was when we had as little Vice here in *Lilliput* as any where; but since we imported Politeness and Fashions from *Blefuscu*, we have thought of nothing but being fine Gentlemen; and a fine Gentleman, in my Dictionary, stands for nothing but Impertinence and Affectation, without any one Virtue, Sincerity, or real Civility.

FLIMNAP.

But, dear Brother, contain yourself.

BOLGOLAM.

'Zounds! I can't — We shall be undone by our Politeness — Those cursed *Blefuscudians* have been polishing us to destroy us. — While we kept our own rough Manners, we were more than a Match for 'em; but since they have made us fine Gentlemen — we don't fight the better for't, I can assure you.

Enter FRIPPEREL.

FRIPPEREL.

What, is my dear Brother and magnanimous Admiral firing a Broad-side against those Wretches who wear clean Shirts, and wash their Faces? eh!

BOLGOLAM.

I wou'd always fire upon those, good Brother, who dare not *shew* their Faces, when their King and Country want 'em.

FLIMNAP.

My dear Brothers, let us not wander from the Subject of our Meeting — I have sent to you for your Advice and Assistance in an Affair that nearly concerns me as a Man, a Nobleman, and the Father of a Family.

FRIP-

FRIPPEREL.

What can possibly, my dear Lord, disturb your Tranquillity, while you have Fortune to purchase Pleasures, and Health to enjoy 'em?

BOLGOLAM.

Well said, *Fripperel* — There spoke the Genius of a fine Gentleman — Give him but Dainties to tickle his Palate, Women to flatter his Vanity, and Money to keep the Dice a-going, and you may purchase his Soul, and have his Honour and Virtue thrown in to the Bargain.

FRIPPEREL.

Well said, Admiral; I would as soon undertake to steer thy Ship, as teach thee Manners.

BOLGOLAM.

And I wou'd sooner sink my Ship, than suffer such Fellows as thee to come on board of her.

FLIMNAP.

I find, Gentlemen, you had rather indulge your own Spleen, than assist your Friend.

BOLGOLAM.

I have done.

FRIPPEREL.

Come, come, let us hear your Grievances.

FLIMNAP.

Your Sister has dishonour'd me.

BOL_

B O L G O L A M.

I'll cut her to Pieces.

F R I P P E R E L.

She is a fine Woman, and a Woman of Quality, and therefore ought not to be cut to Pieces for Trifles.

B O L G O L A M.

Thou art a fine Gentleman, and ought to be hang'd: But what has she done?

F L I M N A P.

Hurt me, injur'd me, beyond Reparation.

B O L G O L A M.

The Devil! — What —

F L I M N A P.

I am ashamed to tell you.

B O L G O L A M.

Out with it.

F L I M N A P.

Fall'n in Love with a Monster.

B O L G O L A M.

A Monster! — Land or Sea Monster?

F L I M N A P.

The new Prodigy — this *Quinbus Flestrin* — the Man Mountain — *Gulliver* — the *English Giant*.

F R I P -

F R I P P E R E L.

Ha! ha! what, and are you afraid, Brother, he should swallow her? For you cannot possibly be afraid of any thing else.

B O L G O L A M.

I don't know what to think of this — In Love with a Monster! My Sister has a great Soul, to be sure — But all the Women in *Lilliput* are in Love with him, I think — The Devil is in 'em — And now they have seen the *English* Giant, they'll turn up their Noses at such a lusty Fellow as I am — But how do you know this? Have you intercepted her Love Letters?

F R I P P E R E L.

Or have you ever caught her in his Sleeve, or Coat Pocket? or has she been lock'd up in his Snuff-Box? — Ha! ha! ha!

F L I M N A P.

I cannot bear to jest, when the Honour of myself and Family are at Stake — I have Witnesses that she visits him every Day, and allows and takes great Familiarities.

F R I P P E R E L.

She's a Woman of Quality you know — and therefore I cannot possibly agree to abridge my Sister of her natural Rights and Privileges.

B O L -

B O L G O L A M.

What, is Cuckolding her Husband a natural Right ?

F R I P P E R E L.

Lord, Brother, how coarsely you talk — Besides, you know it can't be, it can't be ; for did not *Gulliver* tell us, when we talk'd to him about the Customs of his Country, that it was a Maxim with the *English*, never to lie with another Man's Wife.

B O L G O L A M.

No matter for that — though he's a Monster among us, he may be as fine a Gentleman as you are in his own Country ; and then I wou'd not take his Word for a Farthing.

F R I P P E R E L.

Brother, I have no Time to quarrel with you now ; for *Gulliver*, you know, is to make his Entrance immediately ; he is to be created a *Nardac* of this Kingdom, and we have all Orders from the King to assist at the Ceremony. — So, Brother *Flimnap*, better Spirits to you ; and better Manners to you, my dear Bully Broadside. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [Exit.

B O L G O L A M.

A pretty Counsellor, truly, to consult with in Cases of Honour — What is the Meaning of bringing this Man-Mountain into the Metropolis, and setting him at Liberty ? —

Zounds,

Zounds, if the Whim should take him to be frolicksome, he'd make as much Mischief in the City, as a Monkey among China.

F L I M N A P.

He has signed the Treaty of Alliance with us, and is brought here to receive Honours, and to be ready to assist us.

B O L G O L A M.

I wish he was out of the Kingdom; for should he prove an ungrateful Monster, like some other of our Allies, and join our Enemies, we shall consume our Meat, and drain our Drink to a fine Purpose!

F L I M N A P.

'Tis my Interest in particular to get him hence, if I can; and therefore I will join you most cordially, in any Scheme to send him out of the Kingdom.

B O L G O L A M.

We'll think of it—[*Trumpets sound.*] What's that Noise for?

F L I M N A P.

To call the Guards together, to attend the Procession: I will put on my Robes, and call upon you to attend the Ceremony.

B O L G O L A M.

I'll wait for you—(*going*)—But do you hear, Brother, talk to your Wife roundly; don't

C

fight

fight her at a Distance, but grapple with her; and if she won't strike, sink her. [*Exit Bolg.*]

F L I M N A P.

Grapple with her, and if she won't strike, sink her!——'Tis easily said, but not so easily done——These Batchelors are always great Heroes 'till they marry — and then — they meet with their Match —— Let me see —— why shou'd I disturb myself about my Lady's Conduct, when I have not the least Regard for my Lady herself? —— However, by discovering her Indiscretions, I shall have an Excuse for mine; and People of Quality shou'd purchase their Ease at any Rate.

*Let Jealousy torment the lower Life,
Where the fond Husband loves the fonder Wife:
Ladies and Lords should their Affections
smother,
Be always easy, and despise each other:
With us no vulgar Passions should abide;
For none become a Nobleman but — Pride.*

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Lady FLIMNAP and FRIPPEREL,
(Peeping and Laughing.)*

Lady FLIMNAP.

Come, Brother, the Owls are flown. Ha!
ha! ha! This is the most lucky Accident!
—— but

— but how came the Letter into your Hands?

FRIPPEREL.

The Moment I left your poor Husband, and my wife Brother, consulting how to punish you for your unnatural Love of this *Gulliver*—

BOTH.

Ha! ha! ha!

FRIPPEREL.

And was hast'ning to the Palace, to prepare for the Procession, an elderly Lady (who tho' past Love Matters herself, seem'd willing to forward 'em) pulls me gently by the Sleeve, and with an insinuating Curtesy, and an Eye that spoke as wantonly as it cou'd, whispered me — My Lord — my Lord *Flimnap* — I am commissioned to deliver this into your own Hands, and hope to have the Honour of being better known to you — then curtesying again, mumbled something, look'd roguishly, and left me.

Lady FLIMNAP:

Ha! ha! ha! I am glad that I have caught at last my most virtuous Lord and Master — O these modest Men — they are very Devils — however, I can ballance Accounts with him — but pray read the Billet-doux to me. I am impatient to hear what his Slut says.

FRIPPEREL.

'Tis a most exquisite Composition, and a Discharge in full to you for all Kinds of Inclinations that you may have now, or conceive hereafter either for Man or Monster, Ha! ha! ha!

Lady FLIMNAP.

Thou art the best of Brothers, positively.

FRIPPEREL.

There's a Bob for your Ladyship too, I can tell you that,

Lady FLIMNAP.

O! pray let me have it.

FRIPPEREL reads.

Why did I not see my dearest Lord Flimnap last Night? did public Affairs, or your Lady, keep you from my Wisbes?

Lady FLIMNAP.

Not his Lady, I can assure her. Ha! ha!

FRIPPEREL reads on.

Time was when Affairs of State could be Postpon'd for my Company. —

Lady FLIMNAP.

Cou'd they so? then the Nation had a fine Time of it!

FRIP-

FRIPPEREL reads on.

And if you sacrific'd the last Night to your Lady, which by all the Bonds of Love shou'd have been mine, you injur'd both of us; for I was panting for you, while she was wishing herself with her adorable Man Mountain — let me conjure you to leave her to her Giants, and fly this Evening to the Arms of your ever tender languishing

M O R E T T A.

Lady F L I M N A P.

Upon my Word, the languishing *Moretta*, makes very free with me — but this is a precious Letter, and will settle all our Family-Quarrels for the future.

FRIPPEREL.

But come, let us to a little Consultation of Mischief — shall we send for the Admiral and shew it him? — We shall have fine Bouncing. —

Lady F L I M N A P.

No, no, let us make the most of it — I'll fit him for calling in Relations to assist him — If this Hubbub is to be made every Time I follow my Inclinations, one might as well have married a Tradesman as a Man of Quality.

FRIPPEREL.

I wonder that he does not insist upon your looking after his Family, and paying his Bills. —

Lord

Lady FLIMNAP.

And taking Care of my Children. Ha! ha!
ha! poor Wretch.

FRIPPEREL.

Poor Devil! but what shall we do with the
Letter?

Lady FLIMNAP.

Send it directly to my good Lord — but
first copy it, lest he should forswear it at the
proper Time.

FRIPPEREL.

Or suppose, when at our next Consultation
upon your Indiscretions, that we send the
Letter to him before us all, to see how he will
behave upon it — let me alone for that.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Thou Genius of Mischief, and best of Bro-
thers! what can I do to thank you for your
Goodness to your poor Sissy?

FRIPPEREL.

I'll tell you what you shall do — Confess to me
sincerely whether you really like this *Gulliver*.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Why then sincerely, I do think him a pro-
digious fine Animal — And when he is dress'd
in his *Nardac's* Robes, I am sure there will
not be a Female Heart, but will pit-a-pat as
he passes by.

FRIP-

FRIPPEREL.

Egad, he ought to make a fine Figure I'm sure; for a hundred and fifty Taylors have been working Night and Day these six Weeks to adorn this pretty Creature of yours — But, my dear Sister, do you like him as a fine Man, or a fine Monster?

Lady FLIMNAP.

Partly one, partly t'other.

FRIPPEREL.

Well, you have certainly a great Soul, Sister. — I don't quite understand your Taste; but so much the better; for I wou'd have a Woman of Quality always a little incomprehensible.

Lady FLIMNAP.

For Heaven's sake, let us make haste to join the Ceremony; and be sure, Brother, to prevent all Conspiracies against my dear *Gulliver* — great Men will always be envied — What an Honour will he be to *Lilliput*! — Had we but a few more such Lords, how happy it would be for the Nation, as well as the Ladies!

FRIPPEREL.

You are certainly mad.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Or I should not be thy Sister.

FRIPPEREL.

Farewell, Giddy-head.

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

Brother, I am yours.

[Exeunt severally.]

Enter a Mob of LILLIPUTIANS, buzzaing.

First Mob.

What, is the Man-Mountain to be made a Lord?

Second Mob.

To be sure, Neighbour, he is.

First Mob.

I suppose he is to be made a Lord, because he is of so much *Sarvice* to the Nation.

Second Mob.

We shall pay dear for it tho'! for he eats more, and drinks more at a Meal, than would serve my Wife and nine Children for a Month — I wish his Lordship was out of the Kingdom, for he'll certainly make free with us, should there be a Scarcity of Beef and Mutton.

Third Mob.

What Countryman is this *Gulliver*, pray?

First Mob.

Why, they say he comes from a strange Country! the Women there are very near as tall as the Men, aye, and as bold too, and the Children are as big as we are — All the People, they say, are brave, free and happy; and

and for fear of being too happy, they are always quarrelling one among another.

Second Mob.

Quarrel! what do they quarrel for?

First Mob.

Because they are brave and free; and if you are brave and free, why you may quarrel whenever, or with whom ever you please.

Second Mob.

What! have they no Laws to keep them quiet?

First Mob.

Laws! ay, Laws enough; but they never mind Laws, if they are brave and free.

Second Mob.

La! what a Slaughter an Army of such Men-Mountains wou'd make?

First Mob.

And so they wou'd, whilst they are brave and free, to be sure, or else they may run away as well as lesser People. [*Trumpets sound.*] Hark! Neighbours, they are coming; now for a Sight you never saw before, nor mayhap will ever see again.

D

S C E N E

SCENE *changes* to MILDENDO,
the Capital City of LILLIPUT;

Then follows

The P R O C E S S I O N.

SCENE, GULLIVER'S ROOM.

Lalcon, the Keeper, speaks without,

Clear the Way there for the Nardac Gulliver.

Enter LALCON *and* GULLIVER.

LALCON.

PLEASE your Lordship to stoop a little —
Most noble and tremendous Nardac, behold the Place allotted by his Majesty for thy Residence — It has employ'd all the Workmen belonging to the Public Works, these three Months; and thy Bed here, is the joint Labours of all the Upholsterers in this great Metropolis.

GULLIVER.

I am bound to his Majesty, for the Honours he has done me; and to you, Sir, for your Friendship and Attention to me.

LAL-

L A L C O N.

When your Lordship pleases to take the Air, you will find a large back Door in your Bed-chamber, thro' which your Lordship may creep into the Palace Gardens. I shall now leave you to repose after your Fatigue — should any Company desire to see your Lordship, may they be permitted to enter ?

G U L L I V E R.

Without doubt, Sir — but intreat 'em, if I should be asleep, not to run over my Face, nor put their Lances into my Nose, or shoot their Arrows into my Eyes; for since the last Time they did me that Honour, I have been much afflicted with a violent sneezing and Head-ach.

L A L C O N.

It wou'd be Death to disturb you now — by our Laws no-body can make free with a Lord, but your Lordship may make free with any Body.

G U L L I V E R.

I shall not exert my Privileges.

L A L C O N.

Will your Lordship be pleased to lie down as gently, and to turn in your Bed as easily as possible, lest the moving of your Lordship's Body shou'd bring the Palace about your Ears.

GULLIVER.

I thank you, Sir, for your Caution——I am a little dry with my Fatigue to-day, shall beg something to moisten my Mouth.

LALCON.

I shall order a Hoghead of Wine, to quench your Lordship's Thirst, immediately.

[Exit.

GULLIVER.

Notwithstanding the Figure I make here, the Honours I have received, and the greater things intended me, I grow sick of my Situation——I shall either starve, or be sacrificed to the Envy and Malice of my Brother Peers——They'll never forgive the Service I have done their Country——I wish myself at Home again, and plain *Gulliver*——Every thing is in Miniature here but Vice, and that is so disproportioned, that I'll match our little Rakes at *Lilliput*, with any of our finest Gentlemen in *England*.

Enter LALCON.

LALCON.

A hundred and fifty Taylors are without, to pay their Duty to your Lordship, and have brought their Bills——

GULLIVER.

Their Bills!——they are very pressing sure——

LALCON.

LALCON.

They have done nothing but work at your Lordship's Robes these six Weeks — and therefore hope your Indulgence, for the sake of their Wives and Families.

GULLIVER.

I am so much fatigu'd, that I must desire 'em to give me till To-morrow, and assure them, that notwithstanding my Titles and Privileges, I shall give 'em very little Trouble.

[Exit Lalcon.]

My Greatness begins to be troublesome to me.

Enter LALCON.

LALCON.

Two Ladies of the Court to wait on your Lordship. [Exit.]

Enter Lady FLIMNAP and TOADEL.

GULLIVER.

Lady *Flimnap* again! what can this mean?

TOADEL.

Wou'd your Ladyship have me retire?

Lady FLIMNAP.

Out of hearing only — should you leave us quite to ourselves, People might be censorious.

TOADEL.

T O A D E L.

I will walk into that Gallery, and amuse myself with the Pictures.

Lady F L I M N A P.

Do so, *Toadel*, but be within Call.

T O A D E L.

Upon my Word, the Monster is a noble Creature! [*Exit.*]

Lady F L I M N A P.

I cou'd not defer any longer wishing you Joy of the Honours which you have so deservedly received this Day — I take a particular Interest in your Welfare, I assure you.

G U L L I V E R.

And I a particular Pride in your Ladyship's good Opinion.

Lady F L I M N A P.

I hope you don't think me imprudent, in thus laying aside the Formality of my Sex, to make you these frequent Visits — Do the Ladies of your Country ever take these Liberties?

G U L L I V E R.

O! yes, Madam; our *English* Ladies are allowed some Liberties, and take a great many more.

Lady F L I M N A P.

What, the married Ladies?

G U L -

GULLIVER.

Our married Ladies, indeed, are so much employ'd with the Care of their Children, and Attention to their Families, that they would take no Liberties at all, did not their Husbands oblige 'em to play at Cards now and then, lest their great Attachment to domestic Affairs should throw 'em into Fits of the Vapours.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Bless me! how different People are in different Nations! I must confess to your Lordship, tho' I have some Children, I have not seen one of them these six Months; and tho' I am married to one of the greatest Men in the Kingdom, and, as they say, one of the handsomest, yet I don't imagine that I shall ever throw myself into a Fit of Sickness, by too severe an Attention to him or his Family.

GULLIVER.

What a profligate Morfel of Nobility this is! — (*Afide*) I must own your Ladyship surprizes me greatly; for in *England* I have been so used to see the Ladies employ'd in Matters of Affection and Oeconomy, that I cannot conceive, without these, how you can possibly pass your Time, or amuse yourself.

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

What! are not tormenting one's Husband, and running him in Debt, tolerable Amusements! — It is below a Woman of Quality to have either Affection or Oeconomy; the first is vulgar, and the last is mechanic — And yet had I been an *English* Lady, perhaps I might have seen an Object that might have raised my Affection, and even persuaded me to live at home. *[Looking at him and sighing.]*

GULLIVER.

In the Name of Queen *Mab*, what is coming now! Sure I have not made a Conquest of this Fairy! *[Aside.]*

Lady FLIMNAP.

What a prodigious fine Hand your Lordship has!

GULLIVER.

Mine, Madam! 'tis brown sure, and somewhat of the largest.

Lady FLIMNAP.

O! my Lord, 'tis the nobler for that — I assure you, that it was the first Thing about your Lordship that struck me — But, to return — I say, my Lord, had I been happy enough to have been born — bred — and married in *England*, I might then have been as fond as I am now sick of Matrimony.

[Approaching tenderly.]

GUL-

GULLIVER, *retreating.*

Perhaps your Ladyship has taken some just Aversion to our Sex.

Lady F L I M N A P.

To one of it I have — my Husband — but to the Sex — Oh no! I protest I have not — far from it — I honour and adore your Sex, when it is capable of creating Tendernefs and Esteem — Have my Visits to your Lordship denoted any such Aversion? My present Visit, which I have imprudently made, rather indicates, that to one of your Sex at least, I have not taken so just an Aversion as perhaps I ought.

GULLIVER. [*Afide.*]

That is home, indeed — What can I possibly say to her, or do with her?

Lady F L I M N A P.

A married Woman, to be sure, ought not to visit a Gentleman; she ought not to despise her Husband; she ought to prefer no Company to him — and yet, such is my Weakness, I have visited a Gentleman; I do despise my Husband, heartily despise him; and I am afraid I might be tempted even to quit *Lilliput*, were the Proposal made to me by one whose Honour, Bravery and Affection might make the Loss of my own Country less grievous to me.

E

GULL

GULLIVER. [*Aside.*]

I am in a fine Situation — She certainly wants to elope with me.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Why won't your Lordship converse with me upon these Topicks?

GULLIVER.

Upon my Word, Madam, I have been much at a Loss to comprehend you; and now I do comprehend you, I am still at a Loss how to answer you — But Madam — look upon your delicate self and me — Supposing there were no other Objections, surely this Disproportion —

Lady FLIMNAP.

I despise it, my Lord — Love is a great Leveller, and I have Ambition — and I think, if I make no Objections, your Lordship need not.

GULLIVER.

To pretend now not to understand you, would be Affectation, and not to speak my Mind to you wou'd be Insincerity — I am most particularly sorry, Madam, that I cannot offer you my Services; but, to speak the Truth, I am unfortunately engaged.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Engaged, my Lord! to whom, pray?

GUL-

GULLIVER.

To a Wife and six Children.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Is that all! Have not I, my Lord, the same Plea? and does it weigh any thing against my Affection? Have not I a Husband and as many Children?

GULLIVER.

I allow that; but your Ladyship is, most luckily and politely, regardless of 'em — I, Madam, not having the good Fortune to be born and bred in High Life, am a Slave to vulgar Passions; and to expose at once my Want of Birth and Education — with Confusion I speak it — I really love my Wife and Children.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Is it possible!

GULLIVER.

I am ashamed of my Weakness, but it is too true, Madam.

Lady FLIMNAP.

I am ashamed of mine, I must confess — What have I really cast my Affections upon a Monster, a married Monster, and who, still more monstrous, confesses a Passion for his Wife and Children.

Guilty, Madam.

Lady F L I M N A P.

Guilty indeed! thou art ten-fold guilty to me — but I am cured of one Passion — and shall now give way to another — As for your Lordship's Virtue — I leave and bequeath it, with all its Purity, to your fair Lady and her numerous Offspring — Don't imagine that I'm quite unhappy at your Coolness to me — I now as heartily despise you as before I lov'd you — and so, my dear *Gully* — Yours — yours — yours — Here, *Toadel* —

Enter T O A D E L.

Let us be gone — I am finely punish'd for my Folly.

T O A D E L.

For Heaven's sake, Madam, be compos'd, and don't exasperate him; should he grow outrageous, he might commit Violence upon us.

Lady F L I M N A P.

He commit Violence! he is a poor, tame, spiritless Creature — His great mountainous Body promises Wonders indeed; and when your Expectations are rais'd, instead of the roaring Dragon, out creeps the pusillanimous Mouse.

T O A D E L,

T O A D E L.

Dear my Lady, be pacified: Here comes my Lord and your Ladyship's Brothers —— How will this end?

Lady F L I M N A P.

To my Honour, assure yourself —— Be sure do you second me, when I want you,

T O A D E L.

Play what Tune your Ladyship pleases, I am always ready with the second Part.

Enter F L I M N A P, B O L G O L A M, and F R I P P E R E L.

F L I M N A P.

Now, Brother, am I unreasonably jealous, or not? See and judge yourselves.

B O L G O L A M.

I have judg'd, and now I'll execute,

[Draws his Sword.]

F R I P P E R E L.

What, without a Trial? Fye, for Shame, Admiral; that may be Sea Law, but it is not Land Law.

G U L L I V E R.

What means this Insult, Admiral, in my Apartments? — If you have no Dread of a Man who could puff you away with his Breath,
at

at least reverence him whom your King has honoured.

B O L G O L A M.

No Place shall protect a dishonourable Sister.

F L I M N A P.

And no Strength shall protect him, who has dishonour'd *Flimnap*.

[*Lays his Hand upon his Sword.*]

F R I P P E R E L.

I say, hear the Parties first — If then Matters are not cleared, you shall draw your Swords, and I'll — withdraw into the next Room.

Lady F L I M N A P.

Hear me, my Lord and Brother, and then determine — I confess Appearances are against me; an imprudent Curiosity urged me to see this Monster, and hear him talk of his Country and its Customs —

F L I M N A P.

The Infection, Madam, that is taken in at the Eyes and the Ears, will make a quick Progress through the rest of the Body.

Lady F L I M N A P.

Jealousy, my Lord, will make a quicker — but I defy it — My Friend, *Toadel*, here, can witness that Curiosity was merely my Motive.

T O A D E L.

O yes, my Lord, I'll swear that.

F R I P-

FRIPPEREL.

And so will I too — *Toadel* is a Woman of immense Honour.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Having no Harm myself, I suspected none — The Monster has always behaved mild, tame, and gentle to me — but just now — his Eyes flashing with Desire — he own'd a violent Passion for me; nay, propos'd even taking me away with him into his own Country —

FRIPPEREL.

In his Great-Coat Pocket, I suppose! — And he would have made Money of you too, if his Countrymen love Rarities!

BOLGOLAM.

How can you jest at such a Time as this?

FLIMNAP.

Fire and Vengeance!

Lady FLIMNAP.

Pray, my Dear, contain yourself — Then this wicked Monster — Ay, you may well turn up your Eyes — upon my being shock'd at his Proposal, and declaring my unalterable Love to you — began to grind his Teeth and bite his Knuckles — I trembled, and begg'd for Mercy — At last, gathering Strength, from Fear I fell into Rage; and being strong in
Virtue,

Virtue, and warm with my conjugal Affections,
I broke out into a Bitterness against the Villain
who would have been my Undoer.

[*Bursts into Tears.*]

T O A D E L.

Which certainly hinder'd him from com-
mitting Violence.

F R I P P E R E L.

Poor Soul! — by all that's mischievous she's
a Genius. [*Aside.*]

F L I M N A P.

You have eas'd my Heart, Madam, of its
Suspensions; but my Honour must have Satis-
faction here. [*Draws his Sword.*]

G U L L I V E R.

Pray; my Lord, sheath your Anger; the
Odds are rather against you — I waive this pri-
vate Trial, and insist upon a public one; and
till then, I beg to retire from the Jealousy of
a Husband, the Partiality of Brothers, and the
irresistible Eloquence of so fine a Lady.

F L I M N A P.

To-morrow the grand Court of Justice sits,
and I summon thee, Nardac *Gulliver*, before
the King and Peers, to answer to the Wrongs
thou hast done me.

G U L L I V E R.

Clumglum *Flimnap* — I'll meet thee there.
[*Goes into the inner Room.*]

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

For Heaven's sake, my Lord, let us leave this Den of Wickedness. [Going.]

Enter Keeper.

A Letter to my Lord *Flimnap*.

FRIPPEREL.

Now for it, Sister — have at the other Monster. [*Aside.*]

[*Flimnap reads, and seems disorder'd.*]

Lady FLIMNAP.

No bad News, I hope, my Dear?

BOLGOLAM.

Speak it out, Brother — Your keeping it to yourself won't make it better.

FLIMNAP.

Nothing at all — a private Business.

FRIPPEREL.

What, a Petticoat Business, Brother?

Lady FLIMNAP.

I shall grow uneasy, my Lord — I must know. [*Soothing him.*]

FLIMNAP.

You can't, my Dear — It is a State Affair —

F

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

State Affairs have been often postpon'd for a Mistress; why may they not for once be intrusted to a Wife.

FRIPPEREL.

That's a Choaker. (*Aside.*)

BOLGOLAM.

Zounds! what's all this Mystery about?

Lady FLIMNAP.

If you won't communicate, my dear Lord, I will.

FLIMNAP.

What will you communicate?

Lady FLIMNAP.

Your State Secret — the Contents of that Letter — What, confounded, my sweet Husband! — The Paragon of Chastity out of Countenance? Ha! ha!

BOLGOLAM.

Expound this Riddle, or I'll march off.

Lady FLIMNAP.

There, Brother, is a true Copy of the Negotiation that great Statesman is carrying on for the Good of the Nation. [*Gives a Paper.*]

FLIMNAP.

Then I'm discover'd.

BOL-

B O L G O L A M.

Hum—hum—hum—the tender languish-
ing MORETTA! — Is this true? my Lord.

F L I M N A P.

I confess it.

B O L G O L A M.

So, so—here are fine Doings! What, do you keep a Whore, and are jealous of your Wife too?

F R I P P E R E L.

That's damn'd unreasonable indeed!

B O L G O L A M.

Look'e, my Lord, I promis'd you Justice, if she had injured you; and, moreover, I promised to cut your Throat, if you should injure her—Therefore, if you'll walk with me into the Burying-ground, Brother, I'll be as good as my Word.

F L I M N A P.

I should ill deserve the Name of Gentleman, if I was not as ready to defend my Follies, as commit them—I'll attend you.

[Exit Flim. and Bol.]

T O A D E L.

Won't you prevent Mischief, my Lady?

F 2

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

No, no; the losing a little Blood will do 'em both Service; it will cool the Wantonness of one, and the Choler of the other.

F R I P P E R E L.

Let the worst happen — I shall only be an elder Brother, and you a Husband, out of Pocket.

Lady FLIMNAP.

O no! there will be no Mischief; I'm confident the Admiral will bring him to — If my Lord did not suffer himself to be bullied now and then, there would be no living with him. But what Noise is that? — Ho, here the Heroes come —

Enter BOLGOLAM and FLIMNAP.

F R I P P E R E L.

Well, Gentlemen, do either of you want a Surgeon?

B O L G O L A M.

Why here's the Devil to do! — the whole City's in an Uproar — the Man - Mountain has made his Escape out of his Chamber — he has straddled over the Walls of the Palace-garden; made the best of his Way to the Sea-side, seized upon my Ship, a First Rate, put his Cloaths on board her, weighed her

her Anchor, and is now towing her over an Arm of the Sea, towards *Blefuscu*.

FRIPPEREL.

Then you have lost your Commission, Admiral; and you your Lover, Sister.

Lady FLIMNAP.

A good Voyage to him — I was sure that he would run away — You see, my Lord, that he durst not stand the Trial; for all his Mightiness, he could not bear the Consciousness of his Guilt, nor the Force of my Virtue.

FLIMNAP.

I see it, Madam, and acknowledge my Mistake.

Lady FLIMNAP.

Is that a Satisfaction, my Lord, adequate to the Injury? — My Innocence, my Lord, is not to be thus wounded, without having other Remedies to heal it.

BOLGOLAM.

If you don't apply one, my Lord, instantly, I shall. [*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*]

FLIMNAP.

I am ready, Madam, this Moment to make you easy and happy for the future.

Lady FLIMNAP.

And how will your Lordship bring it about?

FLIMNAP.

By permitting you, Madam, to follow your Inclinations.

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

Now your Lordship really behaves like a Nobleman; and to convince you that I am not unworthy of my Rank and Quality too, here I solemnly promise never to disturb your Lordship in the Pursuit of yours.

FRIPPEREL.

Perfectly polite on both Sides.

FLIMNAP.

From this Moment, you have my full and free Consent to spend what Money you please, see what Company you please, lie in Bed, and get up when you please, be Abroad or at Home when you please, be in and out of Humour when you please; and, in short, to take every Liberty of a Woman of Quality, as you please; and, for the future, fall in Love when you please with either Man or Monster.

Lady FLIMNAP.

To shew your Lordship that I will not be behind-hand with you in Nobleness of Sentiment, I most sincerely grant you a free Access to the languishing *Moretta* whenever you please, and intreat you, for the future, that you will have as little Regard for me, as you have for the Business of the Nation.

FLIMNAP.

Let us seal and ratify the Treaty in each other's Arm — my dearest Lady.

Lady

Lady FLIMNAP.

My beloved Lord. [They embrace.

BULGOLAM.

I am astonished! — from this Moment I disown you all! — I'll out to Sea as fast as I can; should these Politeneffes reach us, Woe be to poor *Lilliput*! When they do, I'll let the Sea into my great Cabin, and sink to the Bottom with the Honour, Virtue, and Liberty of my Country. [Exit Bol.

FRIPPEREL.

A queer Dog my Brother is, that's positive — But come — let me once again join your Hands upon this your second happier Union —

Let Love be banish'd — We of Rank and Fashion,
Should ne'er in Marriage mix one Grain of Passion.

Lady FLIMNAP.

To Care and Broils we now may bid Defiance;
Give me my Will, and I am all Compliance.

[Curtesies.

Lord FLIMNAP.

Let low-bred Minds be curb'd by Laws and Rules,
Our higher Spirit leaps the Bounds of Fools;
No Law or Custom shall to us say nay;
We scorn Restriction — *Vivè la Liberté.*

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

By a F R I E N D.

SPOKEN by LADY FLIMNAP.

*W*ELL now! could you, who are of larger Size,
Bid to a bolder Height your Passions rise?
Was it not Great? — A Lady of my Span
To undertake this monstrous Mountain Man?

The Prudes I know will censure, and cry, *Hic on't!*
Prepost'rous sure! — A Pigmy love a Giant?
Yet soft — no Disproportion Love can know;
It finds us equal, or it makes us so —
And to the Sex, though Pow'r, nor Strength belong,
We yet have Beauty, to subdue the Strong.

But what strange Notions govern vulgar Life!
The Brute has Qualms about an absent Wife.
Were he at Home, his Dear might cut and carve,
But, if she can't partake, must others starve?
A Theft like this he can't a Robb'ry call;
“ Let her not know it, she's not robb'd at all.”

Well, if so cold these English Heroes prove,
Such squeamish Creatures ne'er will gain my Love.
Huge stupid Things! not worth the Pains to win 'em;
These Giant Bodies have no Spirit in 'em:
Mere Dunghill Fowl! unwieldy, dull, and tame;
The sprightly Bantams are the truest Game.

In War, perhaps, these Lubbers may have Merit;
But to please us they must have Fire and Spirit:
For, let the Giants say what'er they can,
'Tis Spirit! Spirit! Ladies, makes the Man.

F I N I S.

THE

MALE-COQUETTE:

OR,

Seventeen Hundred Fifty-Seven.

IN TWO ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN DRURY-LANE.

— *Jacentem lenis in Hostem.*

VIRG.



L O N D O N:

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 309

LECTURE 1

LECTURE 1: INTRODUCTION

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P R O L O G U E.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

By Mr. GARRICK.

*WHY to this Farce this Title given,
Of Seventeen Hundred Fifty Seven?
Is it a Register of Fashions,
Of Follies, Frailties, fav'rite Passions?
Or is't design'd to make appear,
How happy, good, and wise you were,
In this same memorable Year? }
Sure with our Author Wit was scarce,
To croud so many Virtues in a Farce.
Perhaps 'tis meant to make you stare,
Like Cloths hung out at Country Fair;
On which strange Monsters glare and grin,
To draw the gaping Bumpkins in.—
Tho' 'tis the Genius of the Age,
To catch the Eye with Title-Page;
Yet here we dare not so abuse ye—
We have some Monsters to amuse ye.*

*Ye Slaves to Fashion, Dupes of Chance,
Whom Fortune leads her fickle Dance:
Who, as the Dice shall smile or frown,
Are rich and poor, and up and down;
Whose Minds eternal Vigils keep;
Who—like Macbeth, have murder'd Sleep!—
Each modish Vice this Night shall rise,
Like Banquo's Ghost, before your Eyes;*

While,

P R O L O G U E.

*While, conscious you, shall start and roar —
 Hence, horrid Farce! — we'll see no more! —
 —Ye Ladies, too— Maids, Widows, Wives —
 Now tremble for your naughty Lives!
 How will your Hearts go pit-a-pat? —
 Bless me! — Lord! — what's the Fellow at? —
 Was Poet e'er so rude before?
 Why sure the Brute will say no more —
 Again! — O Gad! — I cannot bear —
 Here — you Boxkeeper, — call my Chair :
 Peace, Ladies — 'tis a false Alarm —
 To You our Author means no Harm.
 His Female Failings all are Fictions :
 To which your Lives are Contradictions.
 Th' unnatural Fool has drawn a Plan,
 Where Women like a worthless Man,
 A Fault ne'er heard of since the World began. }
 This Year he lets you steal away —
 But if the next you trip or stray ;
 His Muse, he vows, on you shall wait,
 In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-eight.*



D R A-



THE following Scenes were written with no other View than to serve Mr. *Woodward* last Year at his Benefit; and to expose a Set of People, (the *Daffodils*) whom the Author thinks more prejudicial to the Community, than the various Characters of *Bucks*, *Bloods*, *Flashes* and *Fribbles*, which have by Turns infested the Town, and been justly ridicul'd upon the Stage. He expects no Mercy from the Critics: But the more indulgent Public, perhaps, will excuse his Endeavours to please them, when they shall know, that the Performance was plan'd, written, and acted in less than a Month.



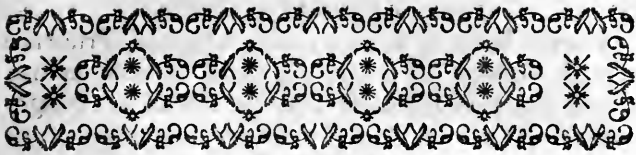
Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Daffodil</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Woodward.</i>
<i>Tukely</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Palmer.</i>
<i>Lord Racket</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Blakes.</i>
<i>Sir William Whister</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Burton.</i>
<i>Sir Tan-Tivy</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Jefferson.</i>
<i>Spinner</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Walker.</i>
<i>Dizzy</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Yates.</i>
<i>Ruffle</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Usher.</i>
<i>First Waiter</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Ackman.</i>
<i>Second Waiter</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Atkins.</i>
<i>Harry</i>	-	-	-	Mr. <i>Clough.</i>

W O M E N.

<i>Sophia</i>	-	-	-	Miss <i>Macklin.</i>
<i>Arabella</i>	-	-	-	Miss <i>Minors:</i>
<i>Mrs. Dotterel</i>	-	-	-	Miss <i>Barton.</i>
<i>Widow Damply</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. <i>Cross.</i>
<i>Lady Fanny Pewit</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. <i>Bradshaw.</i>




T H E

MALE-COQUETTE.


A C T I.

Enter ARABELLA, and SOPHIA in Men's Cloaths.

ARABELLA.

 I N D E E D, my Dear, you'll repent this Frolic.

SOPHIA.

 I Indeed, my Dear, then it will be the first Frolic I ever repented in all my Life. Lookee, *Bell*, 'tis in vain to oppose me, for I am resolv'd—the only Way to find out his Character, is to see him thus, and converse freely with him. If he is the Wretch he is reported to be, I shall away with him at once; and if he is not, he will thank me for the Trial, and our Union will be the stronger.

B

ARA-

2 *The* MALE-COQUETTE.

ARABELLA.

I never knew a Woman yet, who had Prudence enough to turn off a pretty Fellow, because he had a little more Wickedness than the rest of his Neighbours.

SOPHIA.

Then I will be the first to set a better Example.—If I did not think a Man's Character was of some Consequence, I should not now run such Risques, and encounter such Difficulties, to be better acquainted with it.

ARABELLA:

Ha, *Sophy!* if you have Love enough to be jealous, and Jealousy enough to try these Experiments—don't imagine, tho' you should make terrible Discoveries, that you can immediately quit your Inclinations, with your Breeches; and return so very philosophically to your Petticoats again, ha, ha!—

SOPHIA.

You may be as merry with my Weaknesses, as you please, Madam; but I know my own Heart, and can rely upon it.

ARABELLA.

We are great Bullies by Nature; but Courage and Swaggering, are two Things, Cousin.

SOPHIA.

Since you are as little to be convinc'd, as I am to be persuad'd—your Servant—

[*Going.*

ARABELLA.

Nay, *Sophy*—This is unfriendly—if you are resolv'd upon your Scheme, open to me without Reserve, and I'll assist you.

SOPHIA.

Imprimis, then; I confess to you, that I have a kind of whimsical Attachment to *Daffodil*; not but I can see his Vanities, and laugh at 'em.

ARA-

ARABELLA.

And like him the better for 'em——

SOPHIA.

Pshaw! don't plague me, *Bell*—my other Lover,
the jealous Mr. *Tukely*——

ARABELLA.

Who loves you too well to be successful——

SOPHIA.

And whom I really esteem——

ARABELLA.

As a good Sort of Man, ha, ha, ha.

SOPHIA.

Nay, shou'd have lov'd him——

ARABELLA.

Had not a prettier Fellow stept in between, who
perhaps does not care a Farthing for you——

SOPHIA.

That's the Question, my Dear——*Tukely*, I say,
either stung by Jealousy, or unwilling to lose me,
without a Struggle, has intreated me to know more
of his Rival, before I engage too far with him——
Many strange Things he has told me, which have
piqu'd me I must confess, and I am now prepar'd
for the Proof.

ARABELLA.

You'll certainly be discover'd, and put to Shame.

SOPHIA.

I have secur'd my Success already.

ARABELLA.

What do you mean?

SOPHIA.

I have seen him, convers'd with him, and am to
meet him again to-day, by his own Appointment.

ARABELLA.

Madness!—— it can't be.

SOPHIA:

But it has been, I tell you——

ARABELLA.

How? how?—— Quickly, quickly, dear *Sophy*?

SOPHIA.

When you went to Lady *Fanny's* last Night, and left me, as you thought, little dispos'd for a Frolic, I dress'd me as you see, call'd a Chair, and went to the *King's-Arms*——ask'd for my Gentleman, and was shewn into a Room——he immediately left his Company, and came to me.

ARABELLA.

I tremble for you.

SOPHIA.

I introduc'd myself as an *Italian* Nobleman, just arriv'd: *Il Marchese di Macaroni*——

ARABELLA.

Ridiculous!——ha, ha.

SOPHIA.

An Intimate of Sir *Charles Vainlove's*, who is now at *Rome* —— I told him my Letters were with my Baggage, at the *Custom-house*——He receiv'd me with all the Openness imaginable, and wou'd have introduc'd me to his Friends; I begg'd to be excus'd, but promis'd to attend him to-day, and am now ready, as you see, to keep my Word.

ARABELLA.

Astonishing!——and what did you talk about?

SOPHIA.

Of various Things——Women among the rest; and tho' I have not absolutely any open Acts of Rebellion against him, yet, I fear he is a Traytor at Heart——and then such Vanity!——but I had not Time

to

to make great Discoveries——It was merely the Prologue——The Play is to come.

ARABELLA.

Act your Part well, or we shall hiss you——

SOPHIA.

Never fear me; you don't know what a mad, raking, wild young Devil I can be, if I set my Mind to it, *Bell*. [Laying bold of her.

ARABELLA.

You fright me!——you shall positively be no Bed-fellow of mine any longer.

SOPHIA.

I am resolv'd to ruin my Woman, and kill my Man, before I get into Petticoats again.

ARABELLA.

Take Care of a Quarrel tho'——a Rival may be too rough with you.

SOPHIA.

No, no, Fighting is not the Vice of these Times; and as for a little Swaggering——damn it, I can do it as well as the best of 'em.

ARABELLA.

Hush, hush! Mr. *Tukely* is here——

SOPHIA.

Now for a Trial of Skill; if I deceive him, you'll allow that half my Business is done.

[*She walks aside, takes out a Glass, and looks at the Pictures.*

Enter TUKELY.

TUKELY.

Your Servant Miss *Bell* —— I need not ask if Miss *Sophy* be at home, for I believe I have seen her since you did.

ARABELLA.

Have you, Sir? You seem disconcerted, Mr. *Tukely*: Has any Thing happen'd?

TUKELY.

A Trifle, Madam——but I was born to be trifled with, and to be made uneasy at Trifles.

ARABELLA.

Pray, what trifling Affair has disturb'd you thus?

SOPHIA.

What's the Matter now?

[*Aside.*]

TUKELY.

I met Miss *Sophy* this Moment in a Hackney Chair, at the End of the Street: I knew her by the Pink Negligè; but upon my crossing the Way to speak to her, she turn'd her Head away, laugh'd violently, and drew the Curtain in my Face.

SOPHIA.

So, so; well said, Jealousy.

[*Aside.*]

ARABELLA.

She was in Haste, I suppose, to get to her Engagement.

TUKELY.

Yes, yes, Madam; I imagine she had some Engagement upon her Hands——But sure, Madam, her great Desire to see her more agreeable Friends, need not be attended with Contempt and Disregard to the rest of her Acquaintance.

ARABELLA.

Indeed, Mr. *Tukely*, I have so many Caprices, and Follies of my own, that I can't possibly answer for my Cousin's too.

SOPHIA.

Well said, *Bell*.

[*Aside.*]

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

Answer, Miss!—No, Heav'n forbid you should— for my Part, I have given up all my Hopes as a Lover, and only, now, feel for her as a Friend— and indeed as a Friend, a sincere Friend— I can't but say, that going out in a Hackney Chair, without a Servant, and endeavouring to conceal herself, is somewhat incompatible with Miss *Sophy's* Rank and Reputation— This I speak as a Friend— not as a Lover, Miss *Bell*— pray mind that.

ARABELLA.

I see it very plainly, Mr. *Tukely*— and it gives me great Pleasure, that you can be so indifferent in your Love, and yet so jealous in your Friendship.

TUKELY.

You do me Honour, Miss, by your good Opinion.

[Walks about, and sees *Sophy*.

Who's that, pray?

ARABELLA.

A Gentleman who is waiting for *Sophy*.

TUKELY.

I think she has Gentlemen waiting for her every where.

SOPHIA.

I am afraid, Sir, [coming up to him with her Glass] you'll excuse me, that notwithstanding your Declaration, and this Lady's Compliments, there is a little of the Devil, call'd Jealousy, at the Bottom of all this Uneasiness.

TUKELY.

Sir! —

B 4

SOPHIA.

8 *The* MALE-COQUETTE.

SOPHIA.

I say, Sir, wear your Cloak as long as you please, the Hoof will peep out, take my Word for it.

TUKELY.

Upon my Word, Sir, you are pleas'd to honour me with a Familiarity which I neither expected, or indeed desired, upon so slight an Acquaintance.

SOPHIA.

I dare swear you did not.

[*Turns off, and hums a Tune.*]

TUKELY.

I don't understand this!

ARABELLA:

This is beyond Expectation——

[*Aside.*]

SOPHIA,

I presume, Sir, you never was out of *England*——

[*Picking her Teeth.*]

TUKELY.

I presume, Sir, that you are mistaken——
I never was so foolishly fond of my own Country, to think that nothing good was to be had out of it; nor so shamefully ungrateful to it, to prefer the Vices and Fopperies of every other Nation, to the peculiar Advantages of my own.

SOPHIA.

Ha, ha; well said, old *England*, i'faith——Now, Madam, if this Gentleman would put this Speech into a Farce, and properly lard it with Roast Beef, and Liberty, I wou'd engage the Galleries wou'd roar and halloo at it for half an Hour together——
Ha, ha, ha.

ARABELLA.

Now the Storm's coming.

[*Aside.*]

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

If you are not engag'd, Sir, we'll adjourn to the next Tavern, and write this Farce between us.

SOPHIA.

I fancy, Sir, by the Information of your Face, that you are more inclin'd to Tragedy, than Comedy——

TUKELY.

I shall be inclin'd to treat you very ill, if you don't walk out with me.

SOPHIA.

I have been treated so very ill already, in the little Conversation I have had with you, that you must excuse my walking out for more of it; but if you'll persuade the Lady to leave the Room, I'll put you to Death——Damme—— [Going up to him.

ARABELLA.

For Heaven's sake! what's the Matter, Gentlemen?

TUKELY.

What can I do with this Fellow?

SOPHIA.

Madam, don't be alarm'd——this Affair will be very short—I am always expeditious; and will cut his Throat, without shocking you in the least:——Come, Sir, [*draws*] if you won't defend yourself, I must kick you about the Room. [*Advancing.*

TUKELY.

Respect for this Lady, and this House, has curb'd my Resentment hitherto: But as your Insolence wou'd take Advantage of my Forbearance, I must correct it at all Events—— [Draws.

SOPHIA and ARABELLA.

Ha, ha, ha!

TUKELY.

What is all this?

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

What, would you set your Courage to a poor, weak Woman? You are a bold *Briton*, indeed!—
Ha, ha, ha.

TUKELY.

What, *Sophia*?—

ARABELLA.

Sophia! No, no; she is in a Hackney-Chair, you know, without a Servant, in her Pink Negligèe—
Ha, ha, ha.——

TUKELY.

I am astonish'd! and can scarce believe my own Eyes——What means this Metamorphosis?

SOPHIA.

'Tis in Obedience to your Commands——Thus equipp'd, I have got Access to *Daffodil*, and shall know whether your Picture of him is drawn by your Regard for me, or Resentment to him——*I will sound him, from his lowest Note to the Top of his Compass.*

TUKELY.

Your Spirit transports me——This will be a busy, and, I hope, a happy Day for me. I have appointed no less than five Ladies to meet me at the Widow *Dampiy's*; to each of whom, as well as yourself, the accomplish'd Mr. *Daffodil* has presented his Heart; the Value of which I am resolv'd to convince 'em of this Night, for the sake of the whole Sex.

SOPHIA.

Pooh, pooh! that's the old Story——You are so prejudic'd.——

TUKELY.

I am afraid 'tis you who are prejudic'd, Madam; for if you will believe your own Eyes and Ears——

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

That I will, I assure you—I shall visit him immediately—He thinks me in the Country, and to confirm it, I'll write to him as from thence—But ask me no more Questions about what I have done, and what is to be done; for I have not a Moment to lose; and so, my good Friend *Tukely*, yours—
My dear *Bell*, I kiss your Hand — [*kisses her Hand*]
You are a fine Woman, by Heav'n's! Here, *Josephi, Brunello, Francesi*, — where are my Fellows there? Call me a Chair—*Viva l'Amòr, & Libertá*—
[*Exit singing.*]

ARABELLA.

Ha, ha; there's a Spirit for you!—Well now, what do you stare at?—You cou'd not well desire more—O, fie, fie,—don't sigh, and bite your Fingers; rouze yourself, Man; set all your Wits to work; bring this faithless *Corydon* to Shame, and I'll be hang'd if the Prize is not yours—If she returns in Time, I'll bring her to the Widow *Damply's*—

TUKELY.

Dear Miss *Arabella*—

ARABELLA.

Well, well; make me a fine Speech another Time. About your Business now—

TUKELY.

I fly—

[*Exit TUKELY.*]

ARABELLA.

What a Couple of blind Fools has Love made of this poor Fellow, and my dear Cousin *Sophy*? Little do they imagine, with all their wise Discoveries, that *Daffodil* is as faithful a Lover, as he is an accomplish'd Gentleman—I pity these poor deceiv'd Women, with all my Heart—But how will they stare, when they find that he has artfully pretended a Regard for them, the better to conceal his real Passion

sion for me—They will certainly tear my Eyes out ; and what will Cousin *Sophy* say to me, when we are oblig'd to declare our Passion? No Matter what—'Tis the Fortune of War—And I shall only serve her, as she and every other Friend wou'd serve me in the same Situation ———

*A little cheating never is a Sin,
At Love or Cards—provided that you win.*

[Exit ARAB.

Daffodil's Lodgings.

Enter DAFFODIL and RUFFLE.

DAFFODIL.

But are you sure, *Ruffle*, that you deliver'd the Letter last Night, in the Manner I order'd you?

RUFFLE.

Exactly, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

And you are sure that Mr. *Dotterel* saw you slip the Note into his Wife's Hand?

RUFFLE.

I have alarm'd him, and you may be assur'd, that he is as uneasy as you wou'd wish to have him—But I shou'd be glad, with your Honour's Leave, to have a little serious Conversation with you ; for my Mind forebodes much Peril to the Bones of your humble Servant, and very little Satisfaction to your Honour.

DAFFODIL.

Thou art a most incomprehensible Blockhead——

RUFFLE.

No great Scholar, or Wit, indeed—but I can feel an Oak Sappling, as well as another—Ay, and I shou'd have felt one last Night, if I had not had the Heels of all Mr. *Dotterel's* Family—I had the whole Pack after me—

DAF.

DAFFODIL.

And did not they catch you?

RUFFLE.

No, thank Heaven——

DAFFODIL.

You was not kick'd then?

RUFFLE.

No, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

Nor can'd?

RUFFLE.

No, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

Nor drag'd thro' a Horse-pond?

RUFFLE.

O, Lord! No, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

That's unlucky——

RUFFLE.

Sir!

DAFFODIL.

You must go again, *Ruffle*, to Night, perhaps you may be in better Luck.

RUFFLE.

If I go again, Sir, may I be can'd, kick'd, and Horse-ponded for my Pains—I believe I have been lucky enough to bring an old House over your Head.

DAFFODIL.

What d'ye mean?

RUFFLE.

Mr. *Dotterel* only hobbled after me, to pay me for the Postage of your Letter; but being a little out of Wind, he soon stopt, to curse and swear at me——

I cou'd

I cou'd hear him mutter something of Scoundrel, and Pimp, and my Master, and Villain—and Blunderbuss, and Saw-pit; and then he shook his Stick, and look'd like the Devil!

DAFFODIL.

Blunderbuss, and Saw-pit! This Business grows a little serious, and so we will drop it—The Husband is so old and peevish, and she so young and pressing, that I'll give it up, *Ruffle*—The Town talks of us, and I am satisfied.

RUFFLE.

Pray Sir, with Submission, for what End do you write to so many Ladies, and make such a Rout about 'em; there are now upon the List half a Dozen Maids, a Leash of Wives, and the Widow *Damply*. I know your Honour don't intend Mischief; but what Pleasure can you have in deceiving them, and the World? for you are thought a terrible young Gentleman.

DAFFODIL.

Why that Pleasure, Booby.

RUFFLE.

I don't understand it—What do you intend to do with 'em all? Ruin 'em?

DAFFODIL.

Not I, faith.

RUFFLE.

But you'll ruin their Reputations.

DAFFODIL.

That's their Business—Not mine.

RUFFLE.

Will you marry any one of 'em?

DAFFODIL.

O, no; that wou'd be finishing the Game at once—If I preferr'd one, the Rest wou'd take it ill;

ill ; so because I won't be particular, I give 'em all Hopes, without going a Step further.

RUFFLE.

Widows can't live upon such slender Diet.

DAFFODIL.

A true Sportsman has no Pleasure but in the Chace ; the Game is always given to those who have less Taste, and better Stomachs.

RUFFLE.

I love to pick a Bit, I must confess—Really, Sir, I shou'd not care what became of half the Women you are pleas'd to be merry with——But Miss *Sophy*, sure, is a heavenly Creature, and deserves better Treatment ; and to make Love to her Cousin too, in the same House——that is very cruel.

DAFFODIL.

But it amuses one——besides they are both fine Creatures. And how do I know, if I lov'd only one, but the other might poison herself ?

RUFFLE.

And when they know that you have lov'd 'em both, they may poison one another——This Affair will make a great Noise.

DAFFODIL.

Or I have taken a great Deal of Pains for nothing ; but no more prating, Sirrah ; while I read my Letters, go and ask *Harry* what Cards and Messages he has taken in this Morning.

RUFFLE.

There is no mending him.

[Exit RUFFLE.]

DAFFODIL.

[Opens Letters] This is from the Widow *Damply*——I know her Scrawl at a Mile's Distance——she pretends that the Fright of her Husband's Death hurt her

her Nerves so, that her Hand has shook ever since—
 ha, ha, ha—It has hurt her Spelling too, for here is
 Joy with a G ; ha ! ha ! poor Creature. [*Reads*]
 Hum—hum—hum—Well said, Widow ; she speaks
 plain, faith, and grows urgent—I must get quit
 of her—she desires a tête à tête ; which, with Wi-
 dows who have suffered much for the Loss of their
 Husbands, is, as Capt. *Bobadil* says, a Service of
 Danger. So, I am off—[*Opens another*] What
 the Devil have we here ? A Bill in Chancery : Oh,
 no ! my Taylor's Bill — Sum Total 374*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.*
 —Indeed, Monsieur *Chicaneau*, this is a damn'd
 Bill, and you will be damn'd for making it—there-
 fore, for the Good of your Soul, *Monf. Chicaneau*,
 you must make another. [*tears it*] The *French* know
 their Consequence, and use us accordingly. [*Opens*
another.] This is from *Newmarket*. — [*Reads*] —

“ *May it please your Honour,*

“ **I** Wou'd not have you think of matching *Cherry-*
 “ *Derry* with *Gingerbread* ; he is a terrible Horse,
 “ and very covetous of his Ground — I have chopt
 “ *Hurlothbrumbo* for the *Roan Mare*, and fifty Pounds.
 “ *Sir Roger* has taken the Match off your Hands,
 “ which is a good Thing ; for the *Mare* has the
 “ Distemper, and must have forfeited — I flung his
 “ Honour's Groom, tho' he was above an Hour in
 “ the Stable. The *Nutmeg Grey*, *Custard* ; is match'd
 “ with *Alderman*. *Alderman* has a good Wind, and
 “ will be too hard for *Custard*. —

“ *I am, your Honour's*

“ *Most obedient Servant,*

“ *ROGER WHIP.*”

— *Whip's* a Genius, and a good Servant. I have
 not as yet lost above a Thousand Pounds by my
 Horses — But such Luck can't always last.

Enter

Enter RUFFLE with Cards:

RUFFLE.

There's the Morning's Cargo, Sir.

[Throws 'em down upon the Table.

DAFFODIL.

Heigh Day! I can't read 'em in a Month; prithee, *Ruffle*, set down my Invitations from the Cards, according to their Date, and let me see 'em Tomorrow Morning—So much Reading wou'd distract me.

RUFFLE.

And yet these are the only Books that Gentlemen read Now-a-Days. [Aside.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

And please your Honour, I forgot to tell you that there was a Gentleman here last Night—I've forgot his Name.

RUFFLE.

Old Mr. *Dotterel*, perhaps.

SERVANT.

Old; no, no, he looks younger than his Honour—I believe he's mad, he can't stand still a Moment; he first caper'd out of the Chair, and when I told him your Honour was not at Home, he caper'd into it again—said he would call again, jabber'd something, and away he went singing.

DAFFODIL.

'Tis the Marquis of *Macaroni*, I saw him at the *King's Arms* Yesterday: Admit him when he comes, *Harry*.

SERVANT.

I shall, your Honour—I can neither write or remember these outlandish Names.

[Exit Servant.

C

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

Where is my List of Women, *Ruffle*, and the Places of their Abode, that we may strike off some, and add the new Acquisitions?

RUFFLE.

What, alter again! I wrote it out fair but this Morning—There are quicker Successions in your Honour's List, than the Court-Calendar.

DAFFODIL.

Strike off Mrs. *Dotterel*, and the Widow *Damply*.

RUFFLE.

They are undone. [*Strikes 'em out.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A Lady, Mr. *Ruffle*, in a Chair, must speak with you.

DAFFODIL.

Did she ask for me?—See *Ruffle*, who it is. [*Exit* RUFFLE.

SERVANT.

No, your Honour; but she look'd quite *frustrated*.

DAFFODIL.

Well, go below, and be careful not to let any old Gentleman in this Morning—and d'ye hear, if any of the Neighbours shou'd inquire who the Lady is, you may say it is a Relation; and be sure smile, do you hear? when you tell 'em so.

SERVANT.

I shall, your Honour—He, he, he, I am never melancholy. [*Exit* Servant.

DAFFODIL.

That Fellow's a Character.

Enter

Enter RUFFLE.

RUFFLE.

Sir, it is Mrs. *Dotterel*; she has had a terrible Quarrel with her Husband about your Letter, and has something to say of Consequence to you both—she must see you, she says.

DAFFODIL.

I won't see her—Why wou'd you say that I was at Home—You know I hate to be alone with 'em, and she's so violent too—Well, well, shew her up—This is so unlucky—

RUFFLE.

He hates to see Duns he never intends to pay.

[Exit. RUFF.

DAFFODIL.

What shall I do with her? This is worse than meeting her Husband with a Blunderbuss in a Saw-pit.

Enter Mrs. DOTTEREL, and RUFFLE.

DAFFODIL.

Dear Mrs. *Dotterel*, this is so obliging—*Ruffe*, don't let a Soul come near me. [*Aloud*]—And harkee, don't leave us long together, and let every Body up that comes.

[*Aside*.

RUFFLE.

What a Deal of Trouble here is about nothing.

[Exit RUFF.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

In the Name of Virtue, Mr. *Daffodil*, I hope you have not given any private Orders, that may in the least derogate from that absolute Confidence which I place in your Honour.

DAFFODIL.

You may be perfectly easy under this Roof, Madam. I hope, I am polite enough not to let my Passions

fions, of any Kind, run too great Lengths in my own House.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Nothing but absolute Necessity cou'd have made me take this imprudent Step—I am ready to faint with my Apprehensions—Heigh ho!——

DAFFODIL.

Heav'n forbid!—I'll call for some Assistance.

[*Going to ring.*]

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Let your Bell alone [*Stopping him*] You'r always calling for Assistance, I think—you never give one Time to come to ones self—Mr. *Dotterel* has seen your Letter, and vows Vengeance and Destruction—Why wou'd you be so violent and imprudent?

DAFFODIL.

The Devil was in me, Madam; but I repent it from my Soul; it has cur'd me of being violent.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Come, come, don't take it too deeply neither; I thought it proper, at all Hazards, to let you know what had happen'd, and to intreat you, by that Affection you have sworn to me, to be careful of my Reputation.

DAFFODIL.

That I will indeed, Madam; we can't be too careful.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Well, Mr. *Daffodil*, I am an unhappy Woman—married to one I cannot love; and loving one I ought to shun—It is a terrible Situation, Mr. *Daffodil*——

DAFFODIL.

It is indeed, Madam,—I am in a terrible one too—Wou'd I was well out of it. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Do you know, Mr. *Daffodil*, that if I had not been
very

very religious, my Passions would have undone me—
But you must give me Time, for nothing but that,
and keeping the best Company, will ever conquer my
Prejudices——

DAFFODIL.

I should be very ungenerous not to allow you
Time, Madam—three Weeks or a Month, I hope,
will do the Business—Tho', by my Honour, I got the
better of Mine in half the Time——What is *Ruffle*
doing? [Aside.]

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

He's very cold, methinks; but I'll try him fur-
ther—Lookee, Mr. *Daffodil*, you must curb your Pas-
sions, and keep your Distance—Fire is catching, and
one does not know the Consequences when once it be-
gins to spread.

DAFFODIL.

As you say, Madam, Fire is a catching; 'tis dan-
gerous to play with it; and as I am of the Tinder-
Kind,—as one may say,—we had better,—as you
say—Madam,—change the Subject—Pray did you
ever hear of the Pug-dog that you advertis'd? It
was a very pretty Creature—what was his Name,
Madam?

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Daffodil, Sir! [Stiffing her Passion.]

DAFFODIL.

Madam!

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Could I love and esteem any Thing, and not call
it *Daffodil*?—What a Wretch! [Aside.]

DAFFODIL.

You do me Honour, Madam—I don't like her
Looks, I must change the Discourse [Aside.] Upon
my Soul, Mrs. *Dotterel*, this Struggle is too much
for Man: My Passions are now tearing me to Pie-
ces, and if you will stay, by Heav'n I will not an-
swer for the Consequences. Mrs

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Consequences ! What Consequences ! Thou wretched, base, false, worthless Animal !

DAFFODIL.

You do me Honour.

[*Bowing.*

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Canst thou think that I am so blinded by my Passion, not to see thy treacherous, mean, unmanly Evasions ?—I have long suspected your Infamy, and having this Proof of it, I cou'd stab your treacherous Heart, and my own weak one—Don't offer to stir, or ring your Bell, for, by Heav'ns, I'll——

[*Catches hold of him.*

DAFFODIL.

I stir ! I am never so happy, as when I am in your Company.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Thou liest : Thou art never so happy as when thou art deceiving, and betraying our foolish Sex——and all for what ? Why, for the poor Reputation of having that, which thou hast neither Power nor Spirit to enjoy.

DAFFODIL.

Ha ! I hear Somebody coming—Now for a Rapure [*Aside.*] Talk not of Power or Spirit——Heav'n, that has made you fair, has made me strong—O ! forgive the Madness which your Beauty has occasion'd.

[*Throws himself upon his Knees.*

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The Marquis of Macaroons——

[*Exit Serv.*

Enter SOPHIA.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Ha ! [*Screams.*] I am betray'd !——

[*They all stare, and DAFFODIL seemingly astonished.*

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Mrs. Dotterel, by all that's virtuous—[*Aside*] Signor Daffodillo—*resto Confuso*, tat I am com *si mal-a proposito*.

DAFFODIL.

Dear Marquis, no Excuse I beg—nothing at all—a Relation of mine—my Sister only—Miss Daffodil, this is, *il Mercbese de Macaroni*, an Intimate of Sir Charles Vainlove's—This was lucky [*Aside*]—Well, then, my dear Sister, I will wait upon you To-morrow, and settle the whole Affair. [*Aloud*] I am the most miserable of Mortals, and have lost the most precious Moments of my Life. [*Aside to Mrs. DOTT.*

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

You are a Villain—I despise you, and detest you—and will never see you more.

[*Exit Mrs. DOTT.*

DAFFODIL.

Ha, ha, ha!—My Sister has a noble Spirit, my Lord.

SOPHIA.

Mi dispiace insfnamente—it tisplis me, tat I haf *interrumpato*, gli *Affari* of you Famili.

DAFFODIL.

It is the old Family-business, my Lord; and so old, that, by my Honour, I am quite tir'd of it.

SOPHIA.

I hate him already. [*Aside.*]—Signor Daffodillo, she is *una bellissima Sorella in Verità*, a very prit' Suis' intic.

DAFFODIL.

I must confes to you, my Lord, that my Sister is a young distress'd Damsel, married to an old Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, Ha, ha, ha.

SOPHIA.

O Cara Inghilterra! vat a fortunata Contreé is tis!

te olt Men marri de yong fine Girl, and te yong fine Girl visite te yong Signors—O, *preciosa Libertà!*—

DAFFODIL.

Indeed, my Lord, Men of Fashion here have some small Privileges ; we gather our Roses without fear of Thorns—Husbands and Brothers don't deal in Poison and Stilletos, as they do with you.

SOPHIA.

Il nostro amico, Signor Carlo, has tol me a toufant *Volti*, dat you vas de *Orlando Innamorato* himself.

DAFFODIL.

But not *Furioso*, I can assure you, my Lord, Ha, ha, ha ! I am for Variety, and Badinage, without Affection—Reputation is the great Ornament, and Ease the great Happiness of Life—To ruin Women wou'd be troublesome ; to trifle and make Love to 'em amuses one—I use my Women as daintily as my Tokay ; I merely sip of both, but more than half a Glas palls me.

SOPHIA.

Il mio proprio Gusto—*Tukely* is right ; he's a Villain. [*Aside*]—Signor *Daffodillo* ; Vil you do me de Favor to give me Stranger, *una Introduzione* to some of your *Signorine*, let *voſtro amico* taſte a littel, *un Poco* of your *dulce Tokay*.

DAFFODIL.

O, *Certamentè!*—I have half a hundred *Signorines* at your Service.

SOPHIA.

Multo obligato, Signor *Daffodillo*.

Enter

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Here is a Letter for your Honour. [Surlily.]

DAFFODIL.

What is the Matter with the Fellow?

SERVANT.

Matter, your Honour!—the Lady that went out just now, gave me such a Soufe on the Ear, as I made my Bow to her, that I cou'd scarce tell, for a Minute, whether I had a Head or no.

DAFFODIL.

Ha! ha!—Poor Fellow!—there's Smart Money for you. [Gives him Money.]—[Exit Servant.]—Will your Lordship give me Leave?—

SOPHIA.

Senza Ceremonie—now for it. [Aside.]

DAFFODIL. *Reads.*

“ SIR,

“ I shall return from the Country next Week,
“ and shall hope to meet you at Lady Fanny
“ *Pewit's* Assembly next *Wednesday*.

“ *I am very much your humble Servant,*

“ SOPHIA SPRIGHTLY.”

—My Lord Marquis, here is a Letter has started Game for you already—the most lucky Thought imaginable.

SOPHIA.

Cosa é questa—Cosa, é—vat is?

DAFFODIL.

There are two fine Girls you must know, Cousins, who live together; this is a Letter from one of 'em, *Sophia* is her Name—I have address'd 'em both, but as Matters become a little serious on their Side

Side, I must raise a Jealousy between the Friends ; discover to one the Treachery of the other ; and so in the Bustle steal off as quietly as I can.

SOPHIA.

O! *Spiritofo Amico*—I can scarce contain myself.
[*Aside.*]

DAFFODIL.

Before the Mine is sprung, I will introduce you into the Town.

SOPHIA.

You are great *Generalissimo in verità mìa*. I feel in *miò Core* vat de poor *infelice* Sophia vil feel for de Loss of Signor *Daffadillo*.

DAFFODIL.

Yes, poor Creature ; I believe she'll have a Pang or two—tender indeed ! and I believe will be unhappy for some Time.

SOPHIA.

What a Monster ! [*Aside.*]

DAFFODIL.

You must dine with our Club to-day, where I will introduce you to more of Sir *Charles's* Friends, all Men of Figure and Fashion.

SOPHIA.

I must primo haf my Lettere, dat your *Amici* may be *assicurati* dat I am no *Impostore*.

DAFFODIL.

In the Name of Politeness, my Lord Marquis don't mention your Letters again ; none but a Justice of Peace, or a Constable, would ever ask for a Certificate of a Man's Birth, Parentage, and Education, Ha, ha, ha!

SOPHIA.

Viva, viva il Signor *Daffodillo* ! You shall be il mio *Conduttore in tutte le Partite* of Love and Pleasure.

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

With all my Heart——You must give me Leave now, my Lord, to put on my Cloaths——In the mean Time, if your Lordship will step into my Study there, if you chuse Music, there is a Guittar, and some *Venetian* Ballads; or, if you like reading, there's Infidelity, and baudy Novels for you——Call *Ruffle* there. [Exit DAFF.]

SOPHIA.

[*Looking after him*] I am shock'd at him——He is really more abandon'd than *Tukely's* Jealousy describ'd him——I have got my Proofs, and will not venture any further; I am vex'd that I shou'd be angry at him, when I shou'd only despise him——But I am *so* angry, that I cou'd almost wish myself a Man, that my Breeches might demand Satisfaction for the Injury he has done my Petticoats.——

Exit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E, *Mrs. DAMPLY's Lodgings.*

Enter ARABELLA and SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

IN short, his own Declarations, the unexpected Meeting of *Mrs. Dotterel*, his Usage of my Letter, and twenty Things beside, determin'd me not to go among the Set of 'em—So making the best Excuse I cou'd, I got quit of him and his Companions.

ARABELLA.

All this may be true, *Sophy*—Every young Fellow has his Vanities; Fashion has made such Irregularities Accomplishments, and the Man may be worth having, for all your Discoveries.

SOPHIA.

What! an abandon'd, rash, profligate Male-Coquette; a Wretch, who can assume Passions he never feels, and sport with our Sex's Frailties—Fie, fie, *Bell*.

ARABELLA.

Well, well, you are too angry to be merciful—If he is such a Monster, I am glad you are out of his Clutches, and that you can so easily resign him to another.

SOPHIA.

To another! there is not that Woman, be she ever so handsome, that I hate enough, to wish her so much
Evil;

Evil; and happy it is for you, *Bell*, that you have a Heart to resist his Allurements.

ARABELLA.

Yes, I thank my Stars——I am not so susceptible of Impressions of that Kind——and yet——I won't swear——if an agreeable Man—I—I——

SOPHIA.

No, no, *Bell*, you are not absolute Stone——you you may be mollified——She is confounded— [*Aside*.]

ARABELLA.

Surely he has not betray'd me——'Tis impossible, I cannot be deceiv'd. [*Aside*.]

SOPHIA.

Well, shall we go in to the Ladies and Mr. *Tukely*? Were they not surpriz'd when he open'd the Business to 'em?

ARABELLA.

'Twas the finest Scene imaginable——You cou'd see, tho' they all endeavour'd to hide their Liking to *Daffodil*, all were uneasy at *Tukely's* Discovery. At first, they objected to his Scheme; but they began to listen to his Proposal the Moment I was call'd out to you; what farther he intends, is a Secret to us all; but here he comes, and without the Ladies.

Enter TUKELY:

TUKELY.

Pray, Miss *Bell*——Bless me! Miss *Sophy* return'd! I dare not ask——and yet if my Eyes do not flatter my Heart——your Looks——

SOPHIA.

Don't rely too much upon Looks, Mr. *Tukely*.

TUKELY.

Madam——why sure——

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Don't imagine, I say, that you can always see the Mind in the Face.

TUKELY.

I can see, Madam, that your Mind is not dispos'd to wish, or make me happy.

SOPHIA.

Did not I bid you not to rely upon Looks ; for do you know now that my Mind is at this Time most absolutely dispos'd—to do every thing that you wou'd have me. [Curtseys.

TUKELY.

Then I have nothing more to wish or ask of Fortune. [Kneels, and kisses her Hand.

ARABELLA.

Come, come, this is no Time to attend to one, when you have so many Ladies to take Care of.

TUKELY.

I will not yet enquire into your Adventures, 'till I have accomplish'd my own. The Ladies within have at last agreed, to attend me this Evening ; where, if you have a Mind to finish the Picture you have begun this Morning, an Opportunity may offer.

SOPHIA.

I am contented with my Sketch—However, I'll make one ; and if you have an Occasion for a Second in any thing—I am your Man—command me.

TUKELY.

A Match—from this Moment I take you as my Second ; nay, my First in every Circumstance of our future Lives.

ARABELLA.

Mighty pretty, truly !—and so I am to stand cooling my Heels here, while you are making yourselves ridiculous.

SOPHIA

SOPHIA:

Bell's in the Right—to Business, to Business—
Mr. *Tukeley*, you must introduce me to the Ladies ;
I can at least make as good a Figure as Mr. *Daffodil*
among 'em.

[*Exit Sophia and Tukeley.*

ARABELLA.

When *Daffodil's* real Inclinations are known, how
those poor Wretches will be disappointed.

[*Exit Arab.*

S C E N E, *The Club-Room.*

Lord RACKET, Sir TAN-TIVY, Sir WILLIAM
WHISTER, SPINNER *writing*, and DAFFODIL:
[*Waiter behind.*

DAFFODIL.

What do you say, my Lord, that I don't do it in
an Hour ?

Lord RACKET.

Not in an Hour and Half, *George.*

DAFFODIL.

Done with you, my Lord—I'll take your Seven
to Five—Seventy Poud to Fifty.

Lord RACKET.

Done—I'll lay the Odds again, with you, Sir
William—and with you, Sir *Tivy.*

Sir WILLIAM.

Not I, faith ;—*Daffodil* has too many fine Wo-
men—he'll never do it.

DAF.

DAFFODIL.

I'll go into the Country for a Week, and not a Petticoat shal come near me — I'll take the Odds again.

SIR TAN-TIVY.

Done, *Daffodil*.

LORD RACKET.

You are to hop upon one Leg, without changing, mind that — Set it down, *Spinner*.

SPINNER.

I have — Shall I read it?

LORD RACKET.

Silence in the Court.

SPINNER.

Reads.] “ Lord *Racket* has betted 70 Pounds to 50,
 “ with the Honourable *George Daffodil* —
 “ that the Latter does not walk from
 “ *Bukingham-Gate*, to the *Bun-house*, at
 “ *Chelsea* — eat a Bun there, run back to
 “ the Turnpike, and from thence hop
 “ upon one Leg, with the other tied to
 “ the Cue of his Wig, to *Buckingham-Gate*
 “ again, in an Hour and Half.

DAFFODIL.

I say, done —

LORD RACKET.

And done.

SIR WILLIAM.

Consider your Women — you'll never do it, *George*.

DAFFODIL.

Not do it! [*bops*] Why, I'll get a *Chelsea* Pensioner shall do it in an Hour, with his wooden Leg — What Day shall we fix for it?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

The first of *April*, to be sure.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha.—

Lord RACKET.

Come, *Daffodil*, read the Betts and Matches of To-day—then let us finish our *Champaigne*, and go to the Opera.

DAFFODIL.

Reads.] “ *March 24, 1757*, Sir *Tan-Tivy*, has pitted
 “ *Lady Pettitoe*, against *Dowager Lady*
 “ *Periwinkle*, with Sir *William Whister*,
 “ for 500 *l.*— I’ll pit my Uncle, Lord
 “ *Cbalkstone*, against ’em both.”

Sir TAN-TIVY.

Done.

Lord RACKET.

The Odds are against you, *Daffodil*—my Lord has got to plain *Nantz* now every Morning.

DAFFODIL.

And the Ladies have been at it to my Knowledge, this half Year.

DAFFODIL.

Good, again, *George*.

Sir WILLIAM.

“ The Honourable *George Daffodil*, has bet-
 “ ted one hundred Pound, with Sir *Wil-*
 “ *liam Whister*, that he produces a Gen-
 “ tleman, before the 5th of *June* next,
 “ that shall live for five Days successively,
 “ without Eating, Drinking, or Sleep-
 “ ing.”—

Sir WILLIAM.

He must have no Books, *George*.

D

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

No, no ; the Gentleman I mean can't read.

Sir WILLIAM.

'Tis not yourself, *George* !

OMNES.

Ha, ha, ha ; 'tis impossible, it must kill him.

DAFFODIL.

Why, then I lose my Bet.

Reads.] “ Lord *Racket* has match'd Sir *Joslin Jolly*
 “ against Major *Calipash*, with Sir *Tan-*
 “ *Tivy*, to run fifty Yards upon the *Mall*
 “ after Dinner, if either tumbles, the Wa-
 “ ges is lost—for Fifty Pounds.

SPINNER.

I'll lay Fifty more, neither of 'em run the Ground
in Half an Hour.

DAFFODIL.

Not in an Hour.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

Done, *Daffodil*—I'll bet you a Hundred of that.

DAFFODIL.

Done, Baronet ; I'll double it, if you will!

Sir TAN-TIVY.

With all my Heart—Book it, *Spinner*.[*Spinner writes.*

Lord RACKET.

You'll certainly lose, *George*.

DAFFODIL.

Impossible, my Lord ; Sir *Joslin* is damnably out
of Wind.

Lord RACKET.

What, Asthmatic ?

DAFFODIL.

No, quite cur'd of his Asthma—he dy'd Ye-
sterday Morning—Bite.

ALL.

ALL.

Bravo, *George*.

LORD RACKET.

Now you talk of dying—how does your Cousin *Dizzy*?

DAFFODIL.

Lingers on—better and worse — Lives upon Affes Milk, Panada, and Eringo Root.

LORD RACKET.

You'll have a fine Wind-fall there, *George*—a good Two Thousand a Year.

DAFFODIL.

'Tis better, my Lord ; but I love *Dick* so well, and have had so many Obligations to him—he sav'd my Life once — that I cou'd wish him better Health.

SIR WILLIAM.

Or in a better Place—there's devilish fine Timber in *Staunton Woods*.

SIR TAN-TIVY.

Down with 'em, *Daffodil*.

LORD RACKET.

But let *Dizzy* drop first—a little Blast will fell him.

Enter *DIZZY*.

DIZZY.

Not so little as you may imagine, my Lord—hugh, hugh— [Coughs.]

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha.

DAFFODIL.

Angels and Ministers ! what Cousin ! We were got among your Trees.

D 2

DIZZY.

DIZZY.

You are heartily welcome to any one of 'em, Gentlemen, for a proper Purpose—hugh, hugh.

Lord RACKET.

Well said, *Dick*. How quick his Wit, and how youthful the Rogue looks!

DAFFODIL.

Bloomy and plump—the Country Air is a fine Thing, my Lord—

DIZZY.

Well, well, be as jocular as you please; I am not so ill, as you may wish, or imagine;—I can walk to *Knightsbridge* in an Hour, for a Hundred Pound.

Lord RACKET.

I bet you a Hundred of that, *Dizzy*.

DAFFODIL.

I'll lay you a Hundred, *Dick*, that I drive a Sow and Pigs to your Lodgings, before you can get there.

DIZZY.

Done, I say; [*Draws his Purse.*] Done—Two Hundred—done—Three.

Lord RACKET.

I'll take *Dizzy*, against your Sow and Pigs:

Sir WILLIAM.

I take the Field against *Dizzy*.

Lord RACKET.

Done.

SPINNER.

Done.

DIZZY.

Damn your Sow and Pigs; I am so sick with the Thoughts of rning with 'em, that I shall certainly faint—[*Smells to a Bottle*]—hugh, hugh—

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

Cousin *Dizzy* can't bear the Mention of Pork—he hates it—I knew it would work.

[*Aside to the rest.*

DIZZY.

I wish you had not mention'd it—I can't stay—Damn your Sow and Pigs—Here, Waiter, call a Chair—Damn your Sow and Pigs!—hugh, hugh.

[*Exit Dizzy.*

DAFFODIL.

Poor *Dizzy*—What a Passion he is in!—Ha, ha, ha.

LORD RACKET.

The Woods are yours, *George*; you may whet the Axe—*Dizzy* won't live a Month.

DAFFODIL.

Pooh, this is nothing—he was always weakly—

SIR WILLIAM.

'Tis a Family Misfortune, *Daffodil*.

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

Mr. *Dizzy*, Gentlemen, dropp'd down at the Stair Foot, and the Cook has carried him behind the Bar.

DAFFODIL.

Lay him upon a Bed, and he'll come to himself.

[*Exit Waiter.*

LORD RACKET.

I'll bet Fifty Pound, that he don't live till Morning.

SIR WILLIAM.

I'll lay Six to Four, he don't live a Week.

DAFFODIL.

I'll take your Fifty Pound.

SPINNER.

I'll take your Lordship again.

Lord RACKET.

Done, with you both.

Sir TAN-TIVY.

I'll take it again.

Lord RACKET.

Done, done, done ;—but I bar all Assistance to him—Not a Physician, or Surgeon sent for—
or I am off.

DAFFODIL.

No, no ; we are upon Honour—There shall be none, else it wou'd be a bubble Bet.—There shall be none.

Sir WILLIAM.

If I were my Lord, now, the Physicians should attend him.

Enter WAITER, with a Letter.

WAITER.

A Letter for his Honour— [Gives it to Daff.

[Daffodil reads it to himself.

Sir WILLIAM.

Daffodil, remember the First of *April*—and let the Women alone.

DAFFODIL.

Upon my Soul you have hit it—'tis a Woman, faith—Something very particular, and if you are in Spirits for a Scheme—

Lord RACKET.

Ay, ay ; come, come ; a Scheme, a Scheme !

DAFFODIL.

There then, have among you.

[Throws the Letter upon the Table.

Lord RACKET.

Reads, all looking on.] Hum—“ If the liking your
“ Person be a Sin, what Woman is not guilty ?—hum
“ hum—at the End of the *Bird-cage Walk*—
“ about

“ about Seven—where the Darkneſs and Privacy will
“ befriend my Bluſhes; I will convince you, what
“ Truſt I have in your Secrecy and Honour—
“ Yours, INCOGNITA.”

DAFFODIL.

Will you go?

Lord RACKET.

What do you propoſe?

DAFFODIL.

To go——If after I have been with her half an
Hour, you'll come upon us—and have a Blow up.

Sir WILLIAM.

There's a Gallant for you!

DAFFODIL.

Prithee, Sir *William*, be quiet—muſt a Man be in
Love with every Woman that invites him!

Sir WILLIAM.

No; but he ſhould be honourable to 'em, *George*—
and rather conceal a Woman's Weakneſs, than ex-
poſe it—I hate this Work—ſo, I'll go to the Coffee-
houſe. [Exit Sir William.]

Lord RACKET.

Let him go—don't mind him, *George*; he's mar-
ried, and paſt fifty—this will be a fine Frolic—
Deviliſh high——

DAFFODIL.

Very!—Well, I'll go and prepare myſelf—put on
my Surtout, and take my Chair to *Buckingham-
Gate*—I know the very Spot.

Lord RACKET.

We'll come with Flambeaux—you muſt be fur-
pris'd, and—

DAFFODIL.

I know what to do—Here, Waiter, Waiter;

D 4

Enter

Enter WAITER.

How does Cousin *Dizzy*?

WAITER.

Quite recover'd, Sir ;—he is in the *Phoenix*, with two Ladies, and has order'd a boil'd Chicken and Jellies.

Lord RACKET.

There's a Blood for you !—without a Drop in his Veins.

DAFFODIL.

Do you stay with him, then, till I have secur'd my Lady ; and in Half an Hour from this Time come away, and bring *Dizzy* with you.

Lord RACKET.

If he'll leave the Ladies—Don't the *Italian* Marquis dine with us To-morrow ?

DAFFODIL.

Certainly.

Lord RACKET.

Well, do you mind your Business—and I'll speak to the Cook to shew his Genius—Allons !

[Exit Daff.

Lord RACKET.

Tom, bid the Cook attend me To-morrow Morning, on special Affairs— [Exit Lord Racket, &c.

2d WAITER.

I shall, my Lord.

1st WAITER.

I'll lay you, *Tom*, Five Six-pences to Ehtee, that my Lord wins his Bett with his Honour *Daffodil*.

2d WAITER.

Done with you *Harry*—I'll take your Half Crown to Eighteen-pence— [Bell rings within.

1st WAITER.

Coming, Sir ;—I'll make it Shillings, *Tom*.

2d WAITER.

2d WAITER.

No, *Harry*, you've the best on't. [*Bell rings.*]
Coming, Sir. I'll take Five Shillings to Two. [*Bell rings*] Coming, Sir. —

1st WAITER.

Coming, Sir. — No, Five to Three.

2d WAITER:

Shillings? — Coming, Sir.

1st WAITER:

No — Sixpences —

2d WAITER.

Done — Sixpences. [*Bell rings.*] Here, Sir.

1st WAITER.

And done. [*Bell rings.*] Coming, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ARABELLA, Mrs. DAMPLY, Lady FAN.
PEWIT, Mrs. DOTTEREL, TUKELY in Womens
Cloaths, and SOPHIA in Mens.

Ladies ALL.

Ha, ha, ha.

ARABELLA.

What a Figure! And what a Scheme.

TUKELY.

Dear Ladies, be as merry with my Figure as you please — Yet you shall see, this Figure, awkward as it is, shall be preferr'd in its Turn, as well as you have been.

SOPHIA.

Why will you give yourself this unnecessary Trouble, Mr. *Tukely*, to convince these Ladies, who had rather still be deluded, and will hate your Friendship for breaking the Charm.

ARABELLA.

My dear Cousin, tho' you are satisfied, these Ladies are not; and if they have their particular Reasons for their Infidelity; pray, let 'em enjoy it, 'till they have other Proofs than your Prejudices.

SOPHIA.

SOPHIA.

Ay, *Bell*, we have all our Prejudices.

TUKELY.

What signifies reasoning, when we are going upon the Experiment? Dispose of yourselves behind those Trees, and I will repair to the Place of Appointment, and draw him hither; but you promise to contain yourselves, let what will happen. Hear, and see; but be silent. — [Exit TUKELY.

SOPHIA.

A severe Injunction, indeed, Ladies — But I must to my Post. [Exit. SOP.

Widow DAMPLY.

If he's a Villain, I can never hold!

Lady PEWIT.

I shall tear his Eyes out.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

For my Part, if I was unmarried, I should not think him worth my Anger.

ARABELLA.

But as you are, Madam —

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

I understand your Insinuations, Miss *Bell*; but my Character and Conduct need no Justification.

ARABELLA.

I beg Pardon, Madam; I intended no Offence.— But haste to your Posts, Ladies; the Enemy's at Hand. [They retire behind the Trees.

Enter TUKELY and DAFFODIL.

TUKELY.

In a Woman's Voice.] For Heaven's Sake, let us be cautious — I am sure I heard a Noise.

DAF.

DAFFODIL.

'Twas nothing but your Fear, my Angel! — don't be alarm'd — There can be no Danger, while we have Love and Darknes to befriend us.

TUKELY.

Bless me, how my Heart beats!

DAFFODIL.

Poor Soul! what a Fright it is in! — You must not give Way to these Alarms — Were you as well convinc'd of my Honour, as I am of your Charms, you wou'd have nothing to fear —

[Squeezes her Hand,

ARABELLA.

Upon my Word! —

[Aside.

Widow DAMPLY.

So, so, so.

[Aside.

TUKELY.

Hold, Sir, you must take no Liberties — But, if you have the least Feeling for an unhappy Woman, urg'd by her Passion to this imprudent Step, assist me — forgive me — let me go.

DAFFODIL.

Can you doubt my Honour? Can you doubt my Love? What Assurances can I give you to abate your Fears?

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Very slender Ones, I can assure her.

[Aside.

TUKELY.

I deserve to suffer all I feel — For what, but the most blinded Passion, cou'd induce me to declare myself to one, whose Amours and Infidelities are the common Topic of Conversation.

DAFFODIL.

Flattering Creature! [Aside.] — May I never know your dear Name, see your charming Face, touch your soft Hand, or hear your sweet Voice, if I am not more sincere in my Affection for this little Finger, than for all the Sex besides.

[The Ladies seem astonish'd.

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

Except the Widow, *Damply* —

DAFFODIL.

She! — Do you know her, Madam;

TUKELY.

I have not that Honour —

DAFFODIL.

I thought so—Did you never see her, Madam, nod-
ding and gogling in her Old-fashion'd heavy Chariot,
drawn by a pair of lean hackney Horses, with a fat
Blackamoor Footman behind, in a scanty Livery,
Red greasy Stockings, and a dirty Turban?

[*The Widow seems disorder'd.*]

TUKELY.

All which may be only a Foil to her Beauty.

[*Sighs.*]

DAFFODIL.

Beauty! Don't sigh, Madam; she is past Forty;
wears a Wig, and has lost two of her fore Teeth;
— And then, she has so long a Beard upon her
upper Lip, and takes so much *Spanish* Snuff, that
she looks, for all the World, like the *Great Mogul*
in Petticoats; ha, ha,—

Widow DAMPLY.

What Falshood and Ingratitude!

[*Aside.*]

TUKELY.

Cou'd I descend to the Slander of the Town,
there is a married Lady—

DAFFODIL.

Poor Mrs. *Dotterel*, you mean —

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Why am I to be mentioned! — I have nothing
to do —

Widow DAMPLY.

Nay, nay; you must have your Share of the Pa-
negyrick.

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

She is young, and has Wit.

DAFFODIL.

She's an Idiot, Madam; and as Fools are generally loving, she has forgot all her Obligations to old Mr. *Dotterel*, who married her without a Petticoat; and now seizes upon every young Fellow she can lay her Hands upon; she has spoil'd me three Suits of Cloaths, with tearing the Flaps and Sleeves. — Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

Monster of Iniquity! —

DAFFODIL.

She has even storm'd me in my own House; but with all my Faults, Madam, you'll never find me over-fond of Age, or Ignorance.

Widow DAMPLY.

cou'd tear him to Pieces. —

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

I will tear him to Pieces.

ARABELLA.

Be quiet — and we'll all tear him to Pieces.

TUKELY.

He has swallow'd the Hook, and can't escape. [Aside.]

DAFFODIL.

What do you say, Madam?

TUKELY.

I am only sighing, Sir.

DAFFODIL.

Fond Creature! [Aside.] I know there are a thousand Stories about me: You have heard too of *Lady Fanny Pewit*, I suppose? Don't be alarm'd.

TUKELY.

I can't help it, Sir. She is a fine Woman, and a Woman of Quality. DAF-

DAFFODIL.

A fine Woman, perhaps, for a Woman of Quality—but she is an absolute old Maid, Madam, almost as thick as she is long—middle-aged, homely and wanton! That's her Character.

LADY PEWIT.

Then there is no Sincerity in Man. [Going.]

ARABELLA.

Positively, you shan't stir.

DAFFODIL.

Upon my Soul, I pity the poor Creature! — She is now upon her last Legs. — If she does not run away with some foolish Gentleman this Winter — She'll return into the Country, and marry her Footman. — Ha, ha, ha.

LADY PEWIT.

My Footman shall break his Bones, I can tell him that.

DAFFODIL.

Hush, Madam! I protest, I thought I heard a Voice—I wonder they don't come. [Aside.]

TUKELY.

'Twas only I, Mr. *Daffodil*—I was murmuring to you. [Sighs.]

DAFFODIL.

Pretty Murmurer! — Egad, if they don't come soon, the Lady will grow fond. [Aside.]

TUKELY.

But among your Conquests, Mr. *Daffodil*, you forget Miss *Sophy Sprightly*.

DAFFODIL.

And her Cousin *Arabella*. — I was coming to 'em; poor, silly, good-natur'd, loving Fools; — I made my Addresses to one thro' Pique, and the other for Pity — That was all.

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

O, that I could believe you.

DAFFODIL.

Don't be uneasy, I'll tell you how it was, Madam—You must know, there is a silly, self-sufficient Fellow, one *Tukely* —

TUKELY.

So, so, [*Aside.*] I know him a little.

DAFFODIL.

I am sorry for it — The less you know of him the better; the Fellow pretended to look fierce at me, for which I resolv'd to have his Mistress: So I threw in my Line, and without much Trouble, hook'd her. Her poor Cousin too, nibbled at the Bait, and was caught. — So I have had my Revenge upon *Tukely*, and now I shall willingly resign poor *Sophy*, and throw him in her Cousin, for a Make-Weight. — Ha, ha, ha!

Lady PEWIT.

This is some Comfort at least.

ARABELLA.

Your Ladyship is better than you was.

[*Noise without.*]

TUKELY.

I vow I hear a Noise. — What shall we do? It comes this Way.

DAFFODIL.

They can't see us, my Dear. — I wish my Friends would come. [*Aside.*] Don't whisper or breath.

Enter SOPHIA, in a Surtout, and slouch'd Hat.

SOPHIA.

If I cou'd but catch her at her Pranks—she certainly must be this Way—for the Chair is waiting

waiting at the End of *Rosamond's* Pond—— I have thrown one of her Chairmen into it——and if I cou'd but catch her——

TUKELY.

O, Sir! My Passion has undone me——I am discover'd; it is my Husband, Sir *George*, and he is looking for me——

DAFFODIL.

The Devil it is! Why then, Madam, the best Way will be for you to go to him——and let me sneak off the other Way.

TUKELY.

Go to him, Sir! What can I say to him?

DAFFODIL.

Any Thing, Madam——say you had the Vapours, and wanted Air.

TUKELY.

Lord, Sir!——he is the most passionate of Mortals; and I am afraid is in Liquor too——and then he is mad.

SOPHIA.

If I cou'd but catch her—— [Looking about.

DAFFODIL.

For your Sake, Madam, I'll make the best of my Way Home—— [Going.

TUKELY.

What! wou'd you leave me to the Fury of an enrag'd Husband!——Is that your Affection.

[Holds him.

SOPHIA.

If I cou'd but catch her——Ha! what's that? I saw something move in the Dark——the Point of my Sword shall tickle it out, whatever it is.

[Draws, and goes towards 'em.

TUKELY.

TUKELY.

For Heaven's Sake draw, and fight him, while I make my Escape.

DAFFODIL.

Fight him!—'twou'd be cowardly to fight in the Dark, and with a drunken Man—I'll call the Sentry.

TUKELY.

And expose us to the World?

DAFFODIL.

I wou'd to Heav'n we were [*Aside*]—[*He comes forward.*] Let me go, Madam you pinch me to the Bone.

TUKELY.

He won't know us—I have my Masque on.

LADIES.

Ha! ha! ha!

SOPHIA.

What, is the Devil and his Imps playing at Blind-man's Buff?—Ay, ay, here he is, indeed—Satan himself, dress'd like a fine Gentleman—Come, Mr. Devil, out with your Pitch-fork, and let us take a Thrust or two.

DAFFODIL.

You mistake me, Sir, I am not the Person—indeed, I am not—I know nothing of your Wife, Sir *George*—and if you know how little I care for the whole Sex, you wou'd not be so furious with an innocent Man.

SOPHIA.

Who are you then?—And what are you doing with that Blackamoor Lady there—dancing a Saraband with a Pair of Castanets? Speak, Sir!

DAFFODIL.

Pray forbear, Sir; here's Company coming that will satisfie you in every Thing—Hallo, hallo—

E

Here

Here, here, here; [*Hallo's faintly*] my Lord, my my Lord — *Spinner, Dizzy—Hallo!*

Enter Lord RACKET, Sir TAN-TIVY, SPINNER, and DIZZY, with Torches.

LORD RACKET.

What's the Matter here?—Who calls for Help?

DAFFODIL.

[*Running to 'em with his Sword drawn*] O, my Friends, I have been wishing for you this half Hour. I have been set upon by a dozen Fellows—— They have all made their Escape, but this—— My Arm is quite dead—— I have been at Cart and Tierce with 'em all, for near a Quarter of an Hour.

SOPHIA.

In Buckram, my Lord!—He was got with my Property here, and I wou'd have chastis'd him for it, if your Coming had not prevented it.

DAFFODIL.

Let us throw the Rascal into *Rosamond's Pond*.

LORD RACKET.

Come Sir, can you swim?

[*All going up. TUKELY snatches SOPHIA'S Sword, and she runs behind him.*

TUKELY.

I'll defend you, my Dear—— What, wou'd you murder a Man, and lie with his Wife too?—— Oh! you are a wicked Gentleman, Mr. *Daffodil*.

[*Attacks DAFF.*

DAFFODIL.

Why, the Devil's in the Woman, I think.

[*All the Ladies advance from behind.*

LADIES.

Ha, ha, ha! your humble Servant; Mr. *Daffodil*——
Ha, ha, ha.

[*Courtsyng.*

DAF-

DAFFODIL.

This is all Enchantment!

Lady PEWIT.

No, Sir, the Enchantment is broke—and the old Maid, Sir, homely and wanton, before she retires into the Country, has the Satisfaction of knowing that the agreeable Mr. *Daffodil* is a much more contemptible Mortal, than the Footman which his Goodness has been pleas'd to marry her to.

LADIES.

Ha, ha, ha.

Widow DAMPLY.

Wou'd Mr. *Daffodil* please to have a Pinch of *Spanish Snuff*, out of the *Great Mogul's Box*? 'Tis the best Thing in the World for low Spirits.

[Offers her Box.

LADIES.

Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. DOTTEREL.

If a Fool may not be permitted to speak, Mr. *Daffodil*, let her at least be permitted to laugh at so fine a Gentleman—Ha, ha, ha.

ARABELLA.

Were you as sensible of Shame, as you are of Fear, the Sight of me, whom you lov'd for Pity, wou'd be Revenge sufficient—But I can forgive your Baseness to me, much easier than I can myself, for my Behaviour to this happy Couple.

DAFFODIL.

Who the Devil are they?

ARABELLA.

The Marquis and Marchioness of *Macaroni*, Ladies—Ha ha.

SOPHIA.

Ha! Mio Carrissimo Amico, il Signior *Daffodil* o!

DAFFODIL.

How! *Tukely* and *Sophia*!—If I don't wake soon, I shall wish never to wake again.

SOPHIA.

Who bids fairest now for *Rosamond's Pond*?

Lord

Dramatis Personæ.

ÆSOP ——— ——— Mr. *Bransby*.
 MERCURY ——— ——— Mr. *Beard*.
 CHARON ——— ——— Mr. *W. Vaughan*.

LORD CHALKSTONE ——— Mr. *Garrick*.
 A FINE GENTLEMAN — Mr. *Woodward*.
 DRUNKEN MAN ——— Mr. *Yates*.

FRENCHMAN } ——— Mr. *Blakes*.
 OLD MAN, }

Mr. TATOO ——— — Mr. *Marr*.

POET } ——— { *Omitted in the*
 TAYLOR } ——— { *Representation.*

Mrs. RIOT ——— ——— Mrs. *Clive*.

Mrs. TATOO ——— — Miss *Minors*.



LETHE.

SCENE, *a Grove,*

With a View of the River LETHE.

CHARON and ÆSOP discovered.

CHARON.

RITHEE, Philosopher, what grand Affair is tranfacting upon Earth? There is something of Importance going forward I am sure; for *Mercury* flew over the *Styx* this Morning, without paying me the usual Compliments.

Æsop. I'll tell thee, *Charon*; this is the Anniversary of the Rape of *Proserpine*; on which Day for the future, *Pluto* has permitted her to demand from him something for the Benefit of Mankind.

B

Char.

Char. I understand you; ----- his Majesty's Passion, by a long Possession of the Lady, is abated; and so, like a mere Mortal, he must now flatter her Vanity, and sacrifice his Power, to atone for Deficiencies ---- But what has our Royal Mistress propos'd in Behalf of her favourite Mortals?

Æsop. As Mankind, you know, are ever complaining of their Cares, and dissatisfied with their Conditions, the generous *Proserpine* has begg'd of *Pluto*, that they may have free Access to the Waters of *Lethe*, as a sovereign Remedy for their Complaints ----- Notice has been already given above, and Proclamation made: *Mercury* is to conduct them to the *Styx*, you are to ferry 'em over to *Elysium*, and I am placed here to distribute the Waters.

Char. A very pretty Employment I shall have of it, truly! If her Majesty has often these Whims, I must petition the Court either to build a Bridge over the River, or let me resign my Employment. Do their Majesties know the Difference of Weight between Souls and Bodies? However, I'll obey their Commands to the best of my Power; I'll row my crazy Boat over, and meet 'em; but many of them will be relieved from their Cares before they reach *Lethe*.

Æsop. How so, *Charon*?

Char.

Char. Why, I shall leave Half of 'em in the *Styx*; and any Water is a Specifick against Care, provided it be taken in Quantity.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Away to your Boat, *Charon*; there are some Mortals arriv'd; and the Females among 'em will be very clamorous, if you make 'em wait.

Char. I'll make what Haste I can, rather than give those fair Creatures a Topick for Conversation.

Noise within, Boat, Boat, Boat!
Coming---coming ----- Zounds, you are in a plaguy Hurry, sure! No Wonder these Mortal Folks have so many Complaints, when there's no Patience among 'em; if they were dead now, and to be settled here for ever, they'd be damn'd before they'd make such a Rout to come over, --- but Care, I suppose is thirsty, and till they have drench'd themselves with *Lethe*, there will be no Quiet among 'em; therefore, I'll e'en to work; and so, Friend *Æsop*, and Brother *Mercury*, good bye to ye.

[*Exit Charon.*

Æsop. Now to my Office of Judge and Examiner, in which, to the best of my Knowledge, I will act with Impartiality; for I will immediately relieve real Objects, and only divert myself with Pretenders.

Mer. Act as your Wisdom directs, and conformable to your earthly Character, and we shall have few Murmurers.

Æsop. I still retain my former Sentiments, never to refuse Advice or Charity to those that want either; Flattery and Rudeness should be equally avoided; Folly and Vice should never be spared; and tho' by acting thus, you may offend many, yet you will please the better Few; and the Approbation of one virtuous Mind, is more valuable than all the noisy Applause, and uncertain Favours of the Great and Guilty.

Mer. Incomparable *Æsop!* both Men and Gods admire thee! We must now prepare to receive these Mortals; and lest the Solemnity of the Place should strike 'em with too much Dread, I'll raise Musick shall dispel their Fears, and embolden them to approach.

S O N G.

I.

*Ye Mortals whom Fancies and Troubles perplex,
Whom Folly misguides, and Infirmities vex,
Whose Lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without Joy, and lie down without
Rest;*

*Obeys the glad Summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all
your Care.*

II.

*Old Maids shall forget what they wish for in
vain,*

And young ones the Rover they cannot regain ;

*The Rake shall forget how last Night he was
cloy'd,*

And Chloe again be with Passion enjoy'd ;

Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,

And drink an Oblivion to Trouble and Care.

III.

*The Wife at one Draught may forget all her
Wants,*

Or drench her fond Fool, to forget her Gallants ;

The troubled in Mind shall go chearful away,

And Yesterday's Wretch be quite happy To-day ;

Obey then the Summons, to Lethe repair,

*Drink deep of the Stream, and forget all
your Care.*

Æsop. Mercury, Charon has brought over
one Mortal already, conduct him hither.

[Exit Mercury.]

Now for a large Catalogue of Complaints,
without the Acknowledgment of one single
Vice ; — here he comes — if one may guess at
his Cares by his Appearance, he really wants
the Assistance of *Lethe*.

Enter

Enter Poet.

Poet. Sir, your humble Servant ——— your humble Servant ——— your Name is *Æsop* — I know your Person intimately, tho' I never saw you before; and am well acquainted with you, tho' I never had the Honour of your Conversation.

Æsop. You are a Dealer in Paradoxes, Friend.

Poet. I am a Dealer in all Parts of Speech, and in all the Figures of Rhetoric ——— I am a Poet, Sir ——— and to be a Poet, and not acquainted with the great *Æsop*, is a greater Paradox than — I honour you extremely, Sir; you certainly, of all the Writers of Antiquity, had the greatest, the sublimest Genius, the —

Æsop. Hold, Friend, I hate Flattery.

Poet. My own Taste exactly, I assure you; Sir, no Man loves Flattery less than myself.

Æsop. So it appears, Sir, by your being so ready to give it away.

Poet. You have hit it, Mr. *Æsop*, you have hit it ——— I have given it away indeed, I did not receive one Farthing for my last Dedication, and yet would you believe it? — I absolutely gave all the Virtues in Heav'n, to one of the lowest Reptiles upon Earth.

Æsop. 'Tis hard, indeed, to do dirty Work for Nothing.

Poet.

Poet. Ay, Sir, to do dirty Work, and still be dirty one's self is the Stone of *Sisyphus*, and the Thirst of *Tantalus*——You *Greek* Writers, indeed, carried your Point by Truth and Simplicity,——they won't do now a-Days——our Patrons must be tickled into Generosity——you gain'd the greatest Favours, by shewing your own Merits, we can only gain the smallest, by publishing those of other People.——You flourish'd by Truth, we starve by Fiction; *Tempora mutantur.*

Æsop. Indeed, Friend, if we may guess by your present Plight, you have prostituted your Talents to very little Purpose.

Poet. To very little, upon my Word——but they shall find that I can open another Vein——Satire is the Fashion, and Satire they shall have——let 'em look to it, I can be sharp as well as sweet——I can scourge as well as tickle, I can bite as ——

Æsop. You can do any Thing, no Doubt; but to the Business of this Visit, for I expect a great Deal of Company——What are your Troubles, Sir?

Poet. Why, Mr. *Æsop*, I am troubled with an odd Kind of Disorder——I have a Sort of a Whistling——a Singing——a Whizzing as it were in my Head, which I cannot get rid of——

Æsop. Our Waters give no Relief to bodily Disorders, they only affect the Memory.

Poet.

Poet. From whence all my Disorder proceeds — I'll tell you my Case, Sir — You must know, I wrote a Play some Time ago, presented a Dedication of it to a certain young Nobleman — He approv'd, and accepted of it, but before I could taste his Bounty, my Piece was unfortunately damn'd : — I lost my Benefit, nor could I have Recourse to my Patron, for I was told that his Lordship play'd the best Catcall the first Night, and was the merriest Person in the whole Audience.

Æsop. Pray what do you call damning a Play ?

Poet. You cannot possibly be ignorant, what it is to be damn'd, Mr. *Æsop* ?

Æsop. Indeed I am, Sir — We had no such Thing among the *Greeks*.

Poet. No, Sir ! — No Wonder then that you *Greeks* were such fine Writers — It is impossible to be described, or truly felt, but by the Author himself — If you could but get a Leave of Absence from this World for a few Hours, you might perhaps have an Opportunity of seeing it yourself — There is a Sort of a new Piece comes upon our Stage this very Night, and I am pretty sure it will meet with its Deserts, at least it shall not want my helping Hand, rather than you should be disappointed of satisfying your Curiosity.

Æsop.

Æsop. You are very obliging, Sir;—but to your own Misfortunes, if you please.

Poet. Envy, Malice, and Party destroy'd me —— You must know, Sir, I was a great Damner myself, before I was damn'd —— So the Frolicks of my Youth were return'd to me with double Interest, from my Brother Authors —— But to say the Truth, my Performance was terribly handled, before it appear'd in publick.

Æsop. How so, pray ?

Poet. Why, Sir, some squeamish Friends of mine prun'd it of all the Bawdy and Immorality, the Actors did not speak a Line of the Sense or Sentiment, and the Manager (who writes himself) struck out all the Wit and Humour, in Order to lower my Performance to a Level with his own.

Æsop. Now, Sir, I am acquainted with your Case, what have you to propose ?

Poet. Notwithstanding the Success of my first play, I am strongly persuaded that my next may defy the Severity of Criticks, the Sneer of Wits, and the Malice of Authors.

Æsop. What! have you been hardy enough to attempt another ?

Poet. I must eat, Sir —— I must live —— but when I sit down to write, and am glowing with the Heat of my Imagination, then —— this damn'd Whistling —— or Whizzing in my Head, that I told you of, so disorders me, that I grow giddy —— In short, Sir, I am

haunted, as it were, with the Ghost of my deceas'd Play, and its dying Groans are for ever in my Ears — Now, Sir, if you will give me but a Draught of *Lethe*, to forget this unfortunate Performance, it will be of more real Service to me, than all the Waters of *Helicon*.

Æsop. I doubt, Friend, you cannot possibly write better, by merely forgetting that you have written before; besides, if, when you drink to the Forgetfulness of your own Works, you should unluckily forget those of other People too, your next Piece will certainly be the worse for it.

Poet. You are certainly in the Right — What then would you advise me to?

Æsop. Suppose you could prevail upon the Audience to drink the Water; their forgetting your former Work, might be of no small Advantage to your future Productions.

Poet. Ah, Sir! if I could but do that — but I am afraid — *Lethe* will never go down with the Audience.

Æsop. Well, since you are bent upon it, I shall indulge you — If you please to walk in that Grove, (which will afford you many Subjects for your poetical Contemplation) till I have examined the rest, I will dismiss you in your Turn.

Poet. And I in Return, Sir, will let the World know, in a Preface to my next Piece, that your Politeness is equal to your Sagacity,
and

and that you are as much the fine Gentleman as the Philosopher. [*Exit Poet.*

Æsop. Oh! your Servant, Sir —— In the Name of Misery and Mortality, what have we here!

Enter an Old Man, supported by a Servant.

Old Man. Oh! la! oh! bless me, I shall never recover the Fatigue —— Ha! what are you, Friend? are you the famous *Æsop*? And are you so kind, so very good, to give People the Waters of Forgetfulness for Nothing?

Æsop. I am that Person, Sir; but you seem to have no Need of my Waters; for you must have already out-liv'd your Memory.

Old Man. My Memory is indeed impair'd, it is not so good as it was; but still it is better than I wish it, at least in Regard to one Circumstance; there is one Thing which sits very heavy at my Heart, and which I would willingly forget.

Æsop. What is it, pray?

Old Man. Oh la! —— oh! —— I am horribly fatigued —— I am an old Man, Sir, turn'd of Ninety —— We are all mortal, you know, so I would fain forget, if you please —— that I am to die.

Æsop. My good Friend, you have mistaken the Virtue of the Waters: They can cause

you to forget only what is past ; but if this was in their Power, you would surely be your own Enemy, in desiring to forget what ought to be the only Comfort of one, so poor and wretched as you seem. What ! I suppose now, you have left some dear loving Wife behind, that you can't bear to think of parting with.

Old Man. No, no, no ; I have buried my Wife and forgot her long ago.

Æsop. What you have Children then, whom you are unwilling to leave behind you !

Old Man. No, no, no ; I have no Children at present — hugh ——— I don't know what I may have.

Æsop. Is there any Relation or Friend, the Loss of whom ——

Old Man. No, no ; I have out-lived all my Relations ; and as for Friends —— I have none to lose ——

Æsop. What can be the Reason then, that in all this apparent Misery you are so afraid of Death, which would be your only Cure.

Old Man. — Oh, Lord ! —— I have one Friend, and a true Friend indeed, the only Friend in whom a wise Man places any Confidence —— I have —— Get a little farther off, *John* —— [*Servant retires.*] I have, to say the Truth, a little Money —— it is that indeed, which causes all my Uneasiness.

Æsop.

Æſop. Thou never ſpok'ſt a truer Word in thy Life, old Gentleman ——— [*Aſide.*] But I can cure you of your Uneaſineſs immediately.

Old Man. Shall I forget then that I am to die, and leave my Money behind me ?

Æſop. No——but you ſhall forget that you have it — which will do altogether as well — One large Draught of *Lethe*; to the Forgetfulneſs of your Money, will reſtore you to perfect Eaſe of Mind ; and as for your bodily Pains, no Water can relieve them.

Old Man. What does he ſay, *John* — eh? —— I am hard of Hearing.

John. He adviſes your Worſhip to drink to forget your Money.

Old Man. What ! — what ! —— will his Drink get me Money, does he ſay ?

Æſop. No, Sir, the Waters are of a wholeſomer Nature — for they'll teach you to forget your Money.

Old Man. Will they ſo ? — Come, come, *John*, we are got to the wrong Place —— The poor old Fool here does not know what he ſays — Let us go back again, *John* — I'll drink none of your Waters: Not I —— Forget my Money ! Come along, *John*.

[*Exeunt.*

Æſop. Was there ever ſuch a Wretch ! If theſe are the Cares of Mortals, the Waters of Oblivion cannot cure them.

Re-enter

Re-enter Old Man and Servant.

Old Man. Lookee, Sir, I am come a great Way, and am loth to refuse Favours that cost Nothing—so I don't care if I drink a little of your Waters ——— Let me see—ay—I'll drink to forget how I *got* my Money ——— And my Servant there, he shall drink a little, to forget that I have any Money at all — and, d'ye hear, *John* — take a hearty Draught. If my Money must be forgot, why e'en let *him* forget it.

Æsop. Well, Friend, it shall be as you would have it ——— You'll find a Seat in that Grove yonder, where you may rest yourself till the Waters are distributed.

Old Man. I hope it won't be long, Sir, for Thieves are busy now — and I have an Iron Chest in the other World, that I should be sorry any one peep'd into but myself ——— So pray be quick, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Æsop. Patience, Patience, old Gentleman. ——— But here comes something tripping this Way, that seems to be neither Man nor Woman, and yet an odd Mixture of both.

Enter a Fine Gentleman.

Fine Gent. Harkee, old Friend, do you stand Drawer here?

Æsop. Drawer, young Fop! Do you know where you are, and who you talk to?

Fine Gent. Not I, dem me! But 'tis a Rule with me, wherever I am, or whosoever I am with, to be always easy and familiar.

Æsop. Then let me advise you, young Gentleman, to drink the Waters, and forget that Ease and Familiarity.

Fine Gent. Why so, Daddy? would you not have me well bred?

Æsop. Yes; but you may not always meet with People so polite as yourself, or so passive as I am; and if what you call Breeding, should be constru'd Impertinence, you may have a Return of Familiarity, may make you repent your Education as long as you live.

Fine Gent. Well said, old Dry-beard; egad you have a Smattering of an odd Kind of a Sort of a Humour; but come, come, prithee give me a Glass of your Waters, and keep your Advice to yourself.

Æsop. I must first be informed, Sir, for what Purpose you drink 'em.

Fine Gent. You must know, Philosopher, I want to forget two Qualities — My *Modesty* and my *Good-nature*.

Æsop. Your Modesty and Good-nature!

Fine Gent. Yes, Sir — I have such a consummate *Modesty*, that when a fine Woman (which is often the Case) yields to my Addresses, egad I run away from her; and I am

so very *good natured*, that when a Man affronts me, egad I run away too.

Æsop. As for your Modesty, Sir, I am afraid you are come to the wrong Waters; — and if you would take a large Cup to the Forgetfulness of your Fears, your Good-nature, I believe, will trouble you no more.

Fine Gent. And this is your Advice, my Dear, eh?

Æsop. My Advice, Sir, would go a great Deal farther, — I should advise you to drink to the Forgetfulness of every Thing you know.

Fine Gent. The Devil you would; then I should have travell'd to a fine Purpose, truly; you don't imagine, perhaps, that I have been three Years abroad, and have made the Tour of *Europe*?

Æsop. Yes, Sir, I guess'd you had travell'd by your Dress and Conversation: But pray, (with Submission) what valuable Improvements have you made in these Travels?

Fine Gent. Sir, I learnt Drinking in *Germany*, Musick and Painting in *Italy*, Dancing, Gaming, and some other Amusements, at *Paris*; and in *Holland*—Faith Nothing at all; I brought over with me the best Collection of *Venetian* Ballads, two Eunuchs, a *French* Dancer, and a Monkey, with Tooth-picks, Pictures and Burlettas—In short, I have skim'd the Cream of every Nation, and have the Consolation to declare, I never was in any
Country

Country in my Life, but I had Taste enough thoroughly to despise my own.

Æsop. Your Country is greatly obliged to you,—but if you are settled in it now, how can your Taste and Delicacy endure it?

Fine Gent. Faith my existence is merely supported by Amusements; I dress, visit, study Taste, and write Sonnets; by Birth, Travel, Education, and natural Abilities, I am entitled to lead the fashion; I am principal Connoisseur at all Auctions, Chief Arbitrator at Assemblies, professed Critic at the Theatres, and a fine Gentleman ——— every where ———

Æsop. Critic, Sir, pray what's that?

Fine Gent. The Delight of the Ingenious, the Terror of Poets, the Scourge of Players, and the Aversion of the Vulgar.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, (for I fancy your Life must be somewhat particular) how do you pass your Time; the Day, for instance?

Fine Gent. I lie in Bed all Day, Sir.

Æsop. How do you spend your Evenings then?

Fine Gent. I dress in the Evening, and go generally behind the Scenes of both Play-houses; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the Play, but to intrigue, and shew myself ——— I stand upon the Stage, talk loud, and stare about—which confounds the Actors, and disturbs the Audience; upon which the

Galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to *hiss*, and cry *off, off*, while I undaunted stamp my Foot so——loll with my Shoulder thus——take Stuff with my Right-hand, and smile scornfully——thus——This exasperates the Savages, and they attack us with Vollies of suck'd Oranges, and half-eaten Pippens ——

Æsop. And you retire.

Fine Gent. Without Doubt, if I am sober ——for Orange will stain Silk, and an Apple may disfigure a Feature.

Æsop. I am afraid, Sir, for all this, that you are oblig'd to your own Imagination, for more than three-fourths of your Importance.

Fine Gent. Damn the old Prig, I'll bully him —— [*Aside.*] Lookee, old Philosopher, I find you have pass'd your Time so long in Gloom and Ignorance below here, that our Notions above Stairs are too refined for you; so as we are not likely to agree, I shall cut matters very short with you —— Bottle me off the Waters I want, or you shall be convinc'd that I have Courage, in the drawing of a Cork; —— dispatch me instantly, or I shall make bold to throw you into the River, and help myself —— What say you to that now? eh?

Æsop. Very civil and concise! I have no great Inclination to put your Manhood to the Trial; so if you will be pleas'd to walk in the Grove there, 'till I have examined
some

some I see coming, we'll compromise the Affair between us.

Fine Gent. Your's, as you behave—*au Revoir!* [Exit *Fine Gent.*

Enter Mr. Bowman (hastily.)

Bow. Is your Name *Æsop*?

Æsop. It is, Sir — Your Commands with me?

Bow. My Lord *Chalkstone*, to whom I have the Honour to be a Friend and Companion, has sent me before, to know if you are at Leisure to receive his Lordship.

Æsop. I am placed here on Purpose to receive every Mortal that attends our Summons —

Bow. My Lord is not of the common Race of Mortals, I assure you; and you must look upon this Visit as a particular Honour, for he is so much afflicted with the Gout and Rheumatism, that we had much ado to get him across the River.

Æsop. His Lordship has certainly some pressing Occasion for the Waters, that he endures such Inconveniences to get at them.

Bow. No occasion at all — His Legs indeed fail him a little, but his Heart is as sound as ever, Nothing can hurt his Spirits; ill or well, his Lordship is always the best Company, and the merriest in his Family —

Æfop. I have very little Time for Mirth and good Company; but I'll lessen the Fatigue of his Journey, and meet him half Way.

Bow. His Lordship is here already — There's a Spirit! Mr. *Æfop.* — There's a great Man! — See how superior he is to his Infirmities: Such a Soul ought to have a better Body.

Enter Mercury with Lord Chalkstone.

Lord Ch. Not so fast, Monsieur *Mercury* — you are a little too nimble for me. Well, *Bowman*, have you found the Philosopher?

Bow. This is he, my Lord, and ready to receive your Commands.

Lord Ch. Ha! ha! ha! There he is, perfecto! — *toujours le meme!* [*Looking at him through a Glass*] I should have known him at a Mile's Distance — a most noble Personage indeed! — and truly *Greek* from Top to Toe. — Most venerable *Æfop*, I am in this World and the other, above and below, yours most sincerely.

Æfop. I am yours, my Lord, as sincerely, and I wish it was in my Power to relieve your Misfortune.

Lord Ch. Misfortune! what Misfortune? — I am neither a Porter, nor a Chairman, Mr. *Æfop* — My Legs can bear my Body to my
Friends

Friends and my Bottle: I want no more with them; the Gout is welcome to the rest—eh

Bowman?

Bow. Your Lordship is in fine Spirits!

Æsop. Does not your Lordship go through a great Deal of Pain?

Lord Ch. Pain? ay, and Pleasure too, eh *Bowman!*—When I'm in Pain, I curse and swear it away again, and the Moment it is gone, I lose no Time; I drink the same Wines, eat the same Dishes, keep the same Hours, the same Company; and, notwithstanding the Gravity of my wise Doctors, I would not abstain from *French* Wines and *French* Cookery, to save the Souls and Bodies of the whole College of Physicians——

Æsop. My Lord has fine Spirits indeed!

[To *Bowman*.

Lord Ch. You don't imagine, Philosopher, that I have hobbled here with a Bundle of Complaints at my Back. My Legs, indeed, are something the worse for Wear, but your Waters, I suppose, cannot change or make 'em better; for if they could, you certainly would have try'd the Virtues of 'em upon your own—eh *Bowman!* ha, ha, ha.——

Bow. Bravo; my Lord, Bravo!

Æsop. My Imperfections are from Head to Foot, as well as your Lordship's.

Lord Ch. I beg your Pardon there, Sir; though my Body's impair'd—my Head is as
good

good as ever it was; and as a Proof of this, I'll lay you a hundred Guineas——

Æsop. Does your Lordship propose a Wager as a Proof of the Goodness of your Head?

Lord Ch. And why not? —— Wagers are now-a-days the only Proofs and Arguments that are made Use of by People of Fashion: All Disputes about Politics, Operas, Trade, Gaming, Horse-racing, or Religion, are determined now by *Six to Four*, and *Two to One*; and Persons of Quality are by this Method most agreeably releas'd from the Hardship of Thinking or Reasoning upon any Subject.

Æsop. Very convenient truly!

Lord Ch. Convenient! aye, and *moral* too. —— This Invention of Betting, unknown to you *Greeks*, among many other Virtues, prevents Bloodshed, and preserves Family Affections ——

Æsop. Prevents Bloodshed!

Lord Ch. I'll tell ye how——When Gentlemen quarrell'd heretofore, what did they do? —— they drew their *Swords* —— I have been run through the Body myself, but no Matter for that —— what do they do now? They draw their *Purses* —— before the Lie can be given, a Wager is laid; and so, instead of resenting, we pocket our Affronts.

Æsop. Most casuistically argued, indeed, my Lord; but how can it preserve Family Affections?

Lord

Lord Ch. I'll tell you that too — An old Woman, you'll allow, Mr. *Æsop*, at all Times to be but a bad Thing — What say you, *Bowman*?

Bow. A very bad Thing indeed, my Lord.

Lord Ch. Ergo, an old Woman with a good Constitution, and a damn'd large Jointure upon your Estate, is the Devil — My Mother was the very Thing — and yet from the Moment I *pitted* her, I never once wish'd her dead, but was really uneasy when she tumbled down Stairs, and did not speak a single Word for a whole Fortnight.

Æsop. Affectionate indeed! — but what does your Lordship mean by *pitted* her?

Lord Ch. 'Tis a Terin of ours upon these Occasions — I back'd her Life against two old Countesses, an Aunt of Sir *Harry Rattle's* that was troubled with an Asthma, my fat Landlady at *Salt-hill*, and the Mad-Woman at *Tunbridge*, at Five Hundred each *per Annum*: She out-liv'd 'em all but the last, by which Means I hedg'd off a damn'd Jointure, made her Life an Advantage to me, and so continued my filial Affections to her last Moments.

Æsop. I am fully satisfied — and in Return your Lordship may command *me*.

Lord Ch. None of your Waters for me; damn 'em all; I never drink any but at *Bath* — I came merely for a little Conversation with you, and to see your *Elysian Fields* here —

here—[*Looking about through his Glass*] which by the bye, Mr. *Æsop*, are laid out most detestably—No Taste, no Fancy in the whole World!—Your River there—what d'ye call——

Æsop. *Styx*——

Lord Ch. Ay, *Styx*—why 'tis as strait as *Fleet-ditch*——You should have given it a Serpentine Sweep, and slope the Banks of it—The Place, indeed, has very fine *Capabilities*; but you should clear the Wood to the Left, and clump the Trees upon the Right: In short the Whole wants Variety, Extent, Contrast, and Inequality—[*Going towards the Orchestra, stops suddenly, and looks into the Pit*] Upon my Word, here's a very fine *Hah-hah!* and a most curious Collection of Ever-Greens and Flow'ring-Shrubs——

Æsop. We let Nature take her Course; our chief Entertainment is Contemplation; which I suppose is not allowed to interrupt your Lordship's Pleasures.

Lord Ch. I beg your Pardon there——No Man has ever studied or drank harder than I have—except my Chaplain; and I'll match my Library and Cellar against any Nobleman's in Christendom—shan't I, *Bowman*, eh?

Bow. That you may indeed, my Lord; and I'll go your Lordship's Halves, ha, ha, ha.

Æsop. If your Lordship would apply more to the first, and drink our Waters to forget the last——

Lord Ch. What, relinquish my Bottle! What the Devil shall I do to kill Time then?

Æsop. Has your Lordship no Wife or Children to entertain you?

Lord Ch. Children! not I, Faith—My Wife has, for ought I know —— I have not seen her these Seven Years ——

Æsop. You surprize me!

Lord Ch. 'Tis the Way of the World, for all that —— I married for a Fortune; she for a Title. When we both had got what we wanted, the sooner we parted the better —— We did so; and are now waiting for the happy Moment, that will give to one of us the Liberty of playing the same Farce over again — Eh *Bowman!*

Bow. Good, good; you have puzzled the Philosopher.

Æsop. The *Greeks* esteem'd matrimonial Happiness their *Summum Bonum*.

Lord Ch. More Fools they! 'tis not the only Thing they were mistaken in —— My Brother *Dick*, indeed, married for Love; and he and his Wife have been fattening these five and twenty Years, upon their *Summum Bonum*, as you call it —— They have had a Dozen and half of Children, and may have half a Dozen more, if an Apoplexy don't step in, and interrupt their *Summum Bonum* —— Eh *Bowman?* ha! ha! ha!

Bow. Your Lordship never said a better Thing in your Life.

Lord Ch 'Tis lucky for the Nation, to be sure, that there are People who breed, and are fond of one another — One Man of elegant Notions is sufficient in a Family; for which Reason I have bred up *Dick's* eldest Son myself; and a fine Gentleman he is — is not he, *Bowman*? —

Bow. A very fine Gentleman indeed, my Lord.

Lord Ch. And as for the rest of the Litter, they may fondle and fatten upon *Summum Bonum*, as their loving Parents have done before 'em.

Bow. Look there! my Lord — I'll be hang'd if that is not your Lordship's Nephew in the Grove.

Æsop. I dare swear it is. He has been here just now, and has entertained me with his elegant Notions.

Lord Ch. Let us go to him; I'll lay Six to Four that he has been gallanting with some of the Beauties of Antiquity — *Helen* or *Cleopatra*, I warrant you: — Egad, let *Lucretia* take Care of herself; she'll catch a *Tarquin*, I can tell her that — He is his Uncle's own Nephew, ha, ha, ha. — Egad, I find myself in Spirits; I'll go and coquet a little myself with them — *Bowman*, lend me your Arm; and you, *William*, hold me up a little — [*William treads upon his Toes*] — Ho — Damn the Fellow, he always treads upon my Toes — Eugh — I shan't be able to gallant
it

it this half Hour—Well, dear Philosopher,—dispose of your Water to those that want it—There is no one Action of my Life, or Qualification of my Mind and Body, that is a Burden to me: And there is Nothing in *your* World, or in ours, I have to wish for, unless that you could rid me of my Wife, and furnish me with a better Pair of Legs — Eh, *Bowman* — Come along, come along.

Bow. Game to the last! my Lord.

[*Ex. Lord Chalk. and Bow.*]

Æsop. How flattering is Folly! His Lordship here, supported only by Vanity, Vivacity, and his Friend Mr. *Bowman*, can fancy himself the wisest, and is the happiest of Mortals.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo.

Mrs. Tat. Why don't you come along, Mr. *Tatoo*? what the Deuce are you afraid of?

Æsop. Don't be angry, young Lady; the Gentleman is your Husband, I suppose.

Mrs. Tat. How do you know that, eh? What, you an't all Conjurers in this World, are you?

Æsop. Your Behaviour to him is a sufficient Proof of his Condition, without the Gift of Conjunction.

Mrs. Tat. Why I was as free with him before Marriage, as I am now; I never was coy or prudish in my Life.

Æsop. I believe you, Madam; pray, how long have you been married? You seem to be very young, Lady.

Mrs. Tat. I am old enough for a Husband, and have been married long enough to be tired of one.

Æsop. How long, pray?

Mrs. Tat. Why above three Months; I married Mr. *Tatoo* without my Guardian's Consent.

Æsop. If you married him with your own Consent, I think you might continue your Affection a little longer.

Mrs. Tat. What signifies what you think, if I don't think so? — We are quite tired of one another, and are come to drink some of your *Le — Lethaly — Lethily*, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

Æsop. The Waters can't divorce you, Madam; and you may easily forget him, without the Assistance of *Lethe*.

Mrs. Tat. Ay? how so?

Æsop. By remembering continually he is your Husband; there are several Ladies have no other Receipt — But what does the Gentleman say to this?

Mrs. Tat. What signifies what he says? I an't so young and so foolish as that comes to, to be directed by my Husband, or to care what either he says, or you say.

Mr.

Mr. Tat. Sir, I was a Drummer in a marching Regiment, when I ran away with that young Lady — I immediately bought out of the Corps, and thought myself made for ever; little imagining that a poor vain Fellow was purchasing Fortune, at the Expence of his Happiness.

Æsop. 'Tis even so, Friend; Fortune and Felicity are as often at Variance as Man and Wife.

Mr. Tat. I found it so, Sir — This high Life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh'd, and scarcely slept since my Advancement; and unless your Wisdom can alter her Notions, I must e'en quit the Blessings of a fine Lady and her Portion, and, for Content, have Recourse to Eight-pence a Day, and my Drum again.

Æsop. Pray who has advis'd you to a Separation?

Mrs. Tat. Several young Ladies of my Acquaintance, who tell me they are not angry at me for marrying him; but being fond of him now I have married him; and they say I should be as compleat a fine Lady as any of 'em, if I would but procure a *separate Divorcement*.

Æsop. Pray, Madam, will you let me know what you call a fine Lady?

Mrs. Tat. Why, a fine Lady, and a fine Gentleman, are two of the finest Things upon Earth.

Æsop.

Æsop. I have just now had the Honour of knowing what a fine Gentleman is; so pray confine yourself to the Lady.

Mrs. Tat. A fine Lady, before Marriage, lives with her Papa and Mamma, who breed her up till she learns to despise 'em, and resolves to do Nothing they bid her; this makes her such a prodigious Favourite, that she wants for Nothing.

Æsop. So, Lady.

Mrs. Tat. When once she is her own Mistress, then comes the Pleasure! —

Æsop. Pray let us hear.

Mrs. Tat. She lies in Bed all Morning, rattles about all Day, and sits up all Night; she goes every where, and sees every Thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her Friends, coquets with her Lovers, sets 'em together by the Ears, tells Fibs, makes Mischiefs, buys China, cheats at Cards, keeps a Pug dog, and hates the Parsons; she laughs much, talks loud, never blushes, says what she will, does what she will, goes where she will, marries whom she pleases, hates her Husband in a Month, breaks his Heart in four, becomes a Widow, slips from her Gallants, and begins the World again — There's a Life for you; what do you think of a fine Lady now?

Æsop. As I expected — you are very young, Lady; and if you are not very careful, your natural Propensity to Noise and Affectation

will run you headlong into Folly, Extravagance, and Repentance.

Mrs. Tat. What would you have me do?

Æsop. Drink a large Quantity of *Lethe* to the Loss of your Acquaintance; and do you, Sir, drink another to forget this false Step of your Wife; for whilst you remember her Folly, you can never thoroughly regard her; and whilst you keep good Company, Lady, as you call it, and follow their Example, you can never have a just Regard for your Husband; so both drink and be happy.

Mrs. Tat. Well, give it me whilst I am in Humour, or I shall certainly change my Mind again.

Æsop. Be patient, till the Rest of the Company drink, and divert yourself, in the mean Time, with walking in the Grove.

Mrs. Tat. Well, come along, Husband, and keep me in Humour, or I shall beat you such an Alarum as you never beat in all your Life.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Tatoo.*]

Enter Frenchman, singing.

French. Monsieur, votre Serviteur — pourquoi ne repondez vous pas? — Je dis que je suis votre Serviteur —

Æsop. I don't understand you, Sir —

French. Ah le Barbare! il ne parle pas *Francois* — — Vat, Sir, you no speak de *French* Tongue?

Æsop.

Æsop. No really, Sir, I am not so polite.

French. En Verité, Monsieur *Æsop*, you have not much Politeffe, if one may Judge by your Figure and Appearance.

Æsop. Nor you much Wisdom, if one may judge of your Head, by the Ornaments about it.

French. Qu'est cela donc? Vat you mean to front a Man, Sir?

Æsop. No, Sir, 'tis to you I am speaking.

French. Vel, Sir, I not a Man! vat is you take me for? vat I Beast? vat I Horse? par-bleu!

Æsop. If you insist upon it, Sir, I would advise you to lay aside your Wings and Tail, for they undoubtedly eclipse your Manhood.

French. Upon my Vard, Sir, if you treat a Gentilhomme of my Rank and Qualité comme ça, depend upon it, I shall be a litel en Cavalier vit you.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, of what Rank and Quality are you?

French. Sir, I am a Marquis *Francois*, j'entens les Beaux Arts, Sir, I have been en Advanturier all over the Varld, and am a present en *Angleterre*, in *England*, vere I am more honoré and carefs den ever I vas in my own Countrie, or inteed any vere else —

Æsop. And pray, Sir, what is your Business in *England*?

French. I am arrive dere, Sir, pour polir la Nation — de *Inglis*, Sir, have too much

a Lead in deir Heels, and too much a Thought in deir Head; so, Sir, if I can lighten bote, I shall make dem tout a fait *Francois*, and quite anoder ting.

Æsop. And pray, Sir, in what particular Accomplishments does your Merit consist?

French. Sir, I speak de *French*, j'ai bonne Adresse, I dance un Minuet, I sing des littel Chançons, and I have—une tolerable Assurance: En fin, Sir, my Merit consist in one Vard—I am Foreignere—and entre nous—vile de *Englis* be so great a Fool to love de Foreignere better dan demselves, de Foreignere would still be more great a Fool, did dey not leave deir own Counterie, vere dey have noting at all, and come to *Inglande*, vere dey vant for noting at all, pardie——Cela n'est il pas vrai, Monsieur *Æsop*?

Æsop. Well, Sir, what is your Business with me?

French. Attendez un peu you shall hear, Sir—I am in love vit the grande Fortune of one *Englis* Lady; and de Lady, she be in Love with my Qualité and Bagatelles. Now, Sir, me want twenty or tirty Douzains of your Vaters, for Fear I be obligé to leave *Inglande*, before I have fini dis grande Affaire.

Æsop. Twenty or thirty Dozen! for what?

French. For my Creditours; to make 'em forget de Vay to my Logement, and no trouble me for de future.

Æsop. What; have you so many Creditors!

French. So many! begar I have 'em dans tous les Quartiers de la Ville, in all Parts of de Town, fait——

Æsop. Wonderful and surprizing!

French. Vonderful! vat is vonderful—dat I should borrow Money?

Æsop. No, Sir, that any body should lend it you——

French. En Verité vous vous trompez; you do mistake it, mon Ami: If Fortune give me no Money, Nature gives me des Talens; j'ai des Talens, Monsieur *Æsop*; vech are de same Ting——par Example; de *Englisman* have de Money, I have de Flatterie and bonne Adresse; and a little of dat from a *French* Tongue is very good Credit and Securité for toufand Pound—Eh bien donc! sal I have dis twenty or tirty Douzaines of your Vater? Ouy, ou non?

Æsop. 'Tis impossible, Sir,

French. Impossible! pourquoi donc? vy not?

Æsop. Because if every fine Gentleman, who owes Money, should make the same Demand, we should have no Water left for our other Customers.

French. Que voulez vous que je fasse donc? Vat must I do den, Sir?

Æsop. Marry the Lady as soon as you can, pay your Debts with Part of her Portion, drink

drink the Water to forget your Extravagance, retire with her to your own Country, and be a better Oeconomist for the future.

French. Go to my own Contré!—Je vous demande Pardon, I had much rather stay where I am;—I cannot go there, upon my Vard ———

Æsop. Why not, my Friend!

French. Entre nous, I had much rather pass for one *French* Marquis in *England*; keep bonne Compagnie, manger des Delicattesses, and do nothing at all; dan keep a Shop in *Provence*, couper and frisser les Cheveux; and live upon Soupe and Sallade de rest of my Life—

Æsop. I cannot blame you for your Choice; and if other People are so blind not to distinguish the Barber from the fine Gentleman, their Folly must be their Punishment——and you shall take the Benefit of the Water with them.

French. Monsieur *Æsop*, sans Flatterie ou Compliments, I am your very humble Serviteur—*Jean Frisseron* en *Provence*, ou le Marquis de *Pouville* en *Angleterre*.

[*Exit Frenchman.*

Æsop. Shield me and defend me! another fine Lady!

Enter Mrs. Riot.

Mrs. Riot. A Monster! a filthy Brute!

Your Watermen are as unpolite upon the *Styx* as upon the *Thames*—Stow a Lady of Fashion with Tradefmens Wives and Mechanics—Ah! what's this? *Serbeerus*, or *Plutus*! [*seeing Æsop*] am I to be frighted with all the Monsters of this *internal* World!

Æsop. What is the Matter, Lady?

Mrs. Riot. Every Thing is the Matter, my Spirits are uncompos'd, and every Circumstance about me in a perfect Dilemma.

Æsop. What has disorder'd you thus?

Mrs. Riot. Your filthy Boatman, *Scarroon*, there,

Æsop. *Charon*, Lady, you mean.

Mrs. Riot. And who are you, you ugly Creature you; if I see any more of you I shall die with *Temerity*.

Æsop. The Wise think me handsome, Madam.

Mrs. Riot. I hate the Wife: But who are you?

Æsop. I am *Æsop*, Madam, honour'd this Day by *Proserpine* with the Distribution of the Waters of *Lethe*; command me.

Mrs. Riot. Shew me to the Pump-Room then, Fellow — where's the Company? — I die in Solitude.

Æsop. What Company?

Mrs. Riot. The best Company, People of Fashion! the *Beau Monde*! shew me to none of your gloomy Souls, who wander about in your Groves and Streams — shew me to glittering

tering Balls, enchanting Masquerades, ravishing Operas, and all the polite Enjoyments of *Elysian*.

Æsop. This a Language unknown to me, Lady — No such fine Doings here, and very little good Company (as you call it) in *Elysium* —

Mrs. Riot. What! no Operas! eh! no *Elysian* then! [*Sings fantastically in Italian.*] 'Sfortunato Monticelli! banish'd *Elysian*, as well as the *Hay-Market*! Your Taste here, I suppose, rises no higher than your *Shakespeare*s and your *Johnsons*; oh you *Goats* and *Vandils*! in the Name of Barbarity take 'em to yourselves, we are tir'd of 'em upon Earth — one goes indeed to a Playhouse sometimes, because one does not know how else one can kill one's Time — every Body goes, because — because — All the World's there — but for my Part — call *Scarroon*, and let him take me back again, I'll stay no longer here — stupid Immortals!

Æsop. You are a happy Woman, that have neither Cares nor Follies to disturb you.

Mrs. Riot. Cares! ha! ha! ha! Nay, now I must laugh in your ugly Face, my Dear: What Cares, does your Wisdom think, can enter into the Circle of a fine Lady's Enjoyments?

Æsop. By the Account I have just heard of a fine Lady's Life, her very Pleasures are both
Follies

Follies and Cares; so drink the Water, and forget them, Madam.

Mrs. Riot. Oh gad! that was so like my Husband now — forget my Follies! forget the Fashion, forget my Being, the very *Quincetence* and *Emptity* of a fine Lady! the Fellow would make me as great a Brute as my Husband.

Æsop. You have a Husband then, Madam?

Mrs. Riot. Yes — I think so — a Husband and no Husband — Come, fetch me some of your Water; if I must forget something, I had as good forget him, for he's grown insufferable o'late.

Æsop. I thought, Madam, you had Nothing to complain of —

Mrs. Riot. One's Husband, you know, is almost next to Nothing.

Æsop. How has he offended you?

Mrs. Riot. The Man talks of Nothing but his Money, and my Extravagance — won't remove out of the filthy City, tho' he knows I die for the other End of the Town; nor leave off his nasty Merchandizing, tho' I've labour'd to convince him, he loses Money by it. The Man was once tolerable enough, and let me have Money when I wanted it; but now he's never out of a Tavern, and is grown so valiant, that, do you know — he has presum'd to contradict me, and refuse me Money upon every Occasion.

Æsop.

Æsop. And all this without any Provocation on your Side?

Mrs. Riot. Laud! how should I provoke him? I seldom see him, very seldom speak to the Creature, unless I want Money; besides, he's out all Day ——

Æsop. And you all Night, Madam: Is it not so?

Mrs. Riot. I keep the best Company, Sir, and Day-light is no agreeable Sight to a polite Assembly; the Sun is very well and comfortable, to be sure, for the lower Part of the Creation; but to Ladies who have a true Taste of Pleasure, Wax Candles, or no Candles, are preferable to all the Sun-beams in the Universe ——

Æsop. Preposterous Fancy!

Mrs. Riot. And so, most delicate sweet Sir, you don't approve my Scheme; ha! ha! ha! — oh you ugly Devil you! have you the Vanity to imagine People of Fashion will mind what you say? Or that to learn Politeness and Breeding, it is necessary to take a Lesson of Morality out of *Æsop's* Fables — ha! ha! ha!

Æsop. It is necessary to get a little Reflection somewhere; when these Spirits leave you, and your Senses are surfeited, what must be the Consequence? —

Mrs. Riot. Oh, I have the best Receipt in the World for the Vapours; and lest the Poison of your Precepts should taint my Vivacity,

city, I must best Leave to take it now, by
Way of *Anecdote*.

Æsop. Oh, by all Means—Ignorance, and
Vanity!

Mrs. Riot. (*Drawing out a Card*) Lady
Rantan's Compliments to *Mrs. Riot*.

S O N G.

I.

*The Card invites, in Crowds we fly,
To join the jovial Rout, full Cry;
What Joy, from Cares and Plagues all Days,
To hie to the Midnight Hark-away.*

II.

*Nor Want, nor Pain, nor Grief, nor Care,
Nor dronish Husbands enter there;
The Brisk, the Bold, the Young, and Gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.*

III.

*Uncounted strikes the Morning Clock,
And drowsy Watchmen idly knock;
Till Day-light peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly Hark-away.*

IV.

IV.

*When tir'd with Sport, to Bed we creep,
And kill the tedious Day with sleep;
To morrow's welcome Call obey,
And again to the Midnight Hark-away.*

Mrs. Riot. There's a Life for you, you old Fright! so trouble your Head no more about your Betters — I am so perfectly satisfied with myself, that I will not alter an Atom of me, for all you can say; so you may bottle up your Philosophical Waters for your own Use, or for the Fools that want 'em — Gad's my Life! there's *Billy Butterfly* in the Grove — I must go to him — we shall so rally your Wisdom between us — ha, ha, ha, ha.

*The Brisk, the Bold, the Young, the Gay,
All hie to the Midnight Hark-away.*

[Exit singing.]

Æsop. Unhappy Woman! Nothing can retrieve her; when the Head has once a wrong Bias, 'tis ever obstinate, in Proportion to its Weakness: But here comes one who seems to have no Occasion for *Lethe* to make him more happy than he is.

Enter Drunken Man and Taylor.

D. Man. Come along, Neighbour *Snip*, come along, Taylor; don't be afraid of Hell before you die, you sniv'ling Dog you.

G

Taylor.

Taylor. For Heaven's Sake, Mr. *Riot*, don't be so boisterous with me, lest we should offend the Powers below.

Æsop. What in the Name of Ridicule have we here! — So, Sir, what are you?

D. Man. Drunk — very drunk, at your Service.

Æsop. That's a Piece of Information I did not want.

D. Man. And yet it's all the Information I can give you.

Æsop. Pray, Sir, what brought you hither?

D. Man. Curiosity, and a Hackney Coach.

Æsop. I mean, Sir, have you any Occasion for my Waters?

D. Man. Yes, great Occasion; if you'll do me the Favour to qualify them with some good Arrack and Orange Juice.

Æsop. Sir!

D. Man. Sir! — Don't stare so, old Gentleman — let us have a little Conversation with you.

Æsop. I would know if you have any Thing oppresses your Mind, and makes you unhappy.

D. Man. You are certainly a very great Fool, old Gentleman; did you ever know a Man drunk and unhappy at the same Time?

Æsop. Never otherwise, for a Man who has lost his senses —

D. Man.

D. Man. Has lost the most troublesome Companions in the World, next to Wives and Bum-bailiffs.

Æsop. But, pray, what is your Business with me?

D. Man. Only to demonstrate to you that you are an Ass —

Æsop. Your humble Servant.

D. Man. And to shew you, that whilst I can get such Liquor as I have been drinking all Night, I shall never come for your *Water* Specificks against Care and Tribulation: However, old Gentleman, if you'll do one Thing for me, I shan't think my Time and Conversation thrown away upon you.

Æsop. Any Thing in my Power.

D. Man. Why, then, here's a small Matter for you; and, do you hear me? get me one of the best Whores in your Territories.

Æsop. What do you mean?

D. Man. To refresh myself in the Shades here after my Journey — Suppose now you introduce me to *Proserpine*, who knows how far my Figure and Address may tempt her; and if her Majesty is over nice, shew me but her Maids of Honour, and I'll warrant you they'll snap at a Bit of fresh Mortality.

Æsop. Monstrous!

D. Man. Well, well, if it is monstrous, I say no more — if her Majesty and Retinue are so very virtuous — I say no more; — but I'll tell you what, old Friend, if you'll lend

me your Wife for Half an Hour; when you make a Visit above, you shall have mine as long as you please; and if upon Trial you should like mine better than your own, you shall carry her away to the Devil with you, and ten thousand Thanks into the Bargain.

Æsop. This is not to be borne; either be silent, or you'll repent this drunken Insolence.

D. Man. What a cross old Fool it is!—I presume, Sir, from the Information of your Hump, and your Wisdom, that your Name is — is — what the Devil is it?

Æsop. *Æsop*, at your Service——

D. Man. The same, the same——I knew you well enough, you old sensible Pimp you——many a Time has my Flesh felt Birch upon your Account; prithee, what possess'd thee to write such foolish old Stories of a Cock and a Bull, and I don't know what, to plague poor innocent Lad\$ with? It was damn'd cruel in you, let me tell you that.

Æsop. I am now convinc'd, Sir, I have written 'em to very little Purpose.

D. Man. To very little I assure you——But never mind it——Damn it, you are a fine old *Grecian*, for all that [*claps him on the Back*] Come here, *Snip*——is not he a fine old *Grecian*?——And tho' he is not the handsomest, or best dress'd Man in the World, he has ten Times more Sense than either you or I have——

Tay. Pray, Neighbour, introduce me.

D. Man.

D. Man. I'll do it—Mr. *Æsop*, this sneaking Gentleman is my Taylor, and an honest Man he was, while he lov'd his Bottle; but since he turn'd *Methodist*, and took to Preaching, he has cabbag'd one Yard in six from all his Customers; now you know him, hear what he has to say, while I go and *pick up* in the Wood here—Upon my Soul, you are a fine old *Grecian*! [Exit *D. Man.*

Æsop. [To Taylor] Come, Friend, don't be dejected; what is your Business?

Tay. I am troubled in Mind.

Æsop. Is your Case particular, Friend?

Tay. No, indeed, I believe it is pretty general in our Parish.

Æsop. What is it? speak out, Friend—

Tay. It runs continually in my Head, that I am——

Æsop. What?

Tay. A Cuckold——

Æsop. Have a Care, Friend, Jealousy is a rank Weed, and chiefly takes Root in a barren Soil.

Tay. I am sure my Head is full of Nothing else——

Æsop. But how came you to a Knowledge of your Misfortune? Has not your Wife as much Wit as you?

Tay. A great Deal more, Sir; and that is one Reason for my believing myself dishonour'd——

Æsop.

Æsop. Tho' your Reason has some Weight in it, yet it does not amount to a Conviction.

Tay. I have more to say for myself, if your Worship will but hear me.

Æsop. I shall attend to you.

Tay. My Wife has such very High Blood in her, that she is lately turn'd Papist, and is always railing at me and the Government — The Priest and she are continually laying their Heads together, and I am afraid he has persuaded her, that it will save her precious Soul, if she cuckold a Heretic Taylor. —

Æsop. Oh, don't think so hardly of 'em.

Tay. Lord, Sir, you don't know what Tricks are going forward above! Religion indeed is the Outside Stuff, but Wickedness is the Lining.

Æsop. Why, you are in a Passion, Friend; if you would but exert yourself thus at a proper Time, you might keep the Fox from your Poultry.

Tay. Lord, Sir, my Wife has as much Passion again as I have; and whenever she's up, I curb my Temper, sit down, and say Nothing.

Æsop. What Remedy have you to propose for this Misfortune?

Tay. I would propose to dip my Head in the River, to wash away my Fancies — and if you'll let me take a few Bottles to my Wife, if the Water is of a cooling Nature, I may perhaps

perhaps be easy that Way; but I shall do as your Worship pleases.

Æsop. I am afraid this Method won't answer, Friend: Suppose therefore you drink to forget your Suspicions, for they are Nothing more, and let your Wife drink to forget your Uneasiness — A mutual Confidence will succeed, and consequently mutual Happiness.

Tay. I have such a Spirit, I can never bear to be dishonour'd in my Bed.

Æsop. The Water will cool your Spirit, and if it can but lower your Wife's, the Business is done — Go for a moment to your Companion, and you shall drink presently; but do Nothing rashly.

Tay. I can't help it, Rashness is my Fault, Sir, but Age and more Experience, I hope, will cure me — Your Servant, Sir — Indeed he is a fine old *Grecian*!

[*Exit Taylor.*]

Æsop. Poor Fellow, I pity him.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. What can be the Meaning, *Æsop.* that there are no more Mortals coming over? I perceive there is a great Bustle on the other Side the *Styx*, and *Charon* has brought his Boat over without Passengers.

Æsop. Here he is to answer for himself.

Enter

Enter Charon, laughing.

Char. Oh! oh! oh!

Mer. What diverts you so, *Charon*?

Char. Why there's the Devil to do among the Mortals yonder; they are all together by the Ears.

Æsop. What's the Matter?

Char. There are some Ladies, who have been disputing so long and so loud about taking Place and Precedency, that they have set their Relations a tilting at one another, to support their Vanity: The Standers-by are some of them so frightened, and some of them so diverted at the Quarrel, that they have not Time to think of their Misfortunes; so I e'en left them to settle their Prerogatives by themselves, and be Friends at their Leisure.

Mer. What's to be done, *Æsop*?

Æsop. Discharge these we have, and finish the Business of the Day.

Enter Drunken Man and Mrs. Riot.

D. Man. I never went to pick up a Whore in my Life, but the first Woman I laid Hold of was my dear virtuous Wife, and here she is ——

Æsop. Is that Lady your Wife?

D. Man.

D. Man. Yes, Sir; and yours, if you please to accept of her——

Æsop. Though she has formerly given too much into fashionable Follies, she now repents, and will be more prudent for the future.

D. Man. Lookee, Mr. *Æsop*, all your Preaching and Morality signifies Nothing at all — but since your Wisdom seems bent upon our Reformation, I'll tell you the only Way, old Boy, to bring it about. Let me have enough of your Water to settle my Head; and throw Madam into the River.

Æsop. 'Tis in vain to reason with such Beings: Therefore, *Mercury*, summon the Mortals from the Grove, and we'll dismiss 'em to Earth, as happy as *Lethe* can make 'em ——

S O N G.

By MERCURY.

I.

*Come Mortals, come, come follow me,
Come follow, follow, follow me,
To Mirth, and Joy, and Jollity;
Hark, hark, the Call, come, come and drink,
And leave your Cares by Lethe's Brink.*

H

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

*Away then come, come, come away,
And Life shall hence be Holiday;
Nor jealous Fears, nor Strife, nor Pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.*

II.

*To Lethe's Brink then follow all,
Then follow, follow, follow all,
'Tis Pleasure courts, obey the Call;
And Mirth, and Jollity, and Joy,
Shall every future Hour employ.*

C H O R U S.

*Away then come, come, come away,
And Life shall hence be Holiday;
Nor jealous Fears, nor Strife, nor Pain,
Shall vex the jovial Heart again.*

[During the Song, the Characters
enter from the Grove.

Æsop. Now, Mortals, attend; I have perceived from your Examinations, that you have mistaken the Effects of your Distempers for the Cause — you would willingly be relieved from many Things which interfere with

with your Passions and Affections; while your Vices, from which all your Cares and Misfortunes arise, are totally forgotten and neglected. — Then follow me, and drink to the Forgetfulness of Vice —

*'Tis Vice alone disturbs the human Breast;
Care dies with Guilt; be virtuous, and be blest.*

F I N I S.



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15
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SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

The SERENADE: or, MORNING ADDRESS.

To the Ladies.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER, Mr. KEAR,
Mr. FAWCETT, &c.

LET beauty with the sun arise,
To SHAKESPEARE tribute pay,
With heavenly smiles and speaking eyes,
Give lustre to the day.

Each smile she gives protects his name ;
And who shall dare to frown ?
Not Envy's self can blast the fame,
Which Beauty deigns to crown.

B

A I R

A I R.

Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

I.

THIS is, Sir, a Jubilee,
 Crowding without company,
 Riot without jollity,
 That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis night and day, Sir,
 I hope that you will stay, Sir,
 To see our Jubilee.

II.

On the road such crosses, Sir,
 Cursing, jolts, and tosses, Sir,
 Posting without horses, Sir,
 That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis, &c.

III.

Odes, Sir, without poetry,
 Music without melody,
 Singing without harmony,
 That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis, &c.

Holes

IV.

Holes to thrust your head in, Sir,
 Lodgings without bedding, Sir,
 Beds as if they'd lead in, Sir,
 That's a Jubilee!

Thus 'tis, &c.

V.

Blankets without sheeting, Sir,
 Dinners without eating, Sir,
 Not without much cheating, Sir,
 That's a Jubilee!

*Thus 'tis night and day, Sir,
 I hope that you will stay, Sir,
 To see our Jubilee.*

WARWICKSHIRE.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. DAVIES, &c.

I.

YE *Warwickshire* lads, and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passles,
 Come revel away, rejoice and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads, was a *Warwickshire* lad,
 Warwickshire lad,
 All be glad,
 For the lad of all lads, was a *Warwickshire* lad.

II.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
 Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty,
 Where much she has giv'n, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards, was a *Warwickshire* bard,
 Warwickshire bard,
 Never pair'd,
 For the bard of all bards, was a *Warwickshire* bard.

III.

III,

Each shire has its different pleasures,
 Each shire has its different treasures ;
 But to rare *Warwickshire*, all must submit,
 For the wit of all wits, was a *Warwickshire* wit,
 Warwickshire wit,
 How he writ !
 For the wit of all wits, was a *Warwickshire* wit.

IV.

Old Ben, *Thomas Otway*, *John Dryden*
 And half a score more we take pride in,
 Of famous *Will Congreve*, we boast too the skill,
 But the *Will* of all *Wills*, was a *Warwickshire Will*,
 Warwickshire Will,
 Matchless still,
 For the *Will* of all *Wills*, was a *Warwickshire Will*.

V.

Our SHAKESPEARE compar'd is to no man,
 Nor *Frenchman*, nor *Grecian*, nor *Roman*,
 Their swans are all geese, to the *Avon's* sweet swan,
 And the man of all men, was a *Warwickshire* man.
 Warwickshire man,
 Avon's swan,
 And the man of all men, was a *Warwickshire* man.

VI.

As ven'fon is very inviting,
 To steal it our bard took delight in,
 To make his friends merry he never was lag,
 And the wag of all wags, was a *Warwickshire wag*,
 Warwickshire wag,
 Ever brag,
 For the wag of all wags, was a *Warwickshire wag*.

VII.

There never was seen such a creature,
 Of all she was worth. he robb'd Nature!
 He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
 And the thief of all thieves, was a *Warwickshire thief*.
 Warwickshire thief,
 He's the chief,
 For the thief of all thieves, was a *Warwickshire thief*.

THE MULBERRY-TREE.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, Mr. BANNISTER, &c.

I.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my sweet SHAKESPEARE, was planted by
thee,

As a relick I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

All shall yeild to the Mulberry-tree,

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry,

Matchless was he,

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal be!

II.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,

Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky,

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,

To root out the natives at prices so dear,

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

III.

The Oak is held royal, is *Britain's* great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast,
 But of Fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight;
 While One only One, like our SHAKESPEARE can
 write,

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

IV.

* Let *Venus* delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and *Flora* in flowers;
 The garden of SHAKESPEARE all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flow'rs, and the fairest of fruit,

All shall yeild to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

V.

* With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd Birch
 Supplies Law and Physick, and grace for the church,
 But Law and the Gospel in SHAKESPEARE we find,
 And he gives the best Physick for body and mind,

All shall yield to the Mulberry-tree, &c. &c.

N. B. The Stanzas marked thus* are omitted in the Performance.

VI.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
 From him and his merits this takes its degree ;
 Let *Phæbus* and *Bacchus* their glories resign,
 Our tree shall surpass both the *Laurel* and *Vine*.

All shall yield to the *Mulberry-tree*, &c. &c.

VII.

The *Genius* of *SHAKESPEARE* out-shines the bright
 day,
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey,
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own
 Has *Laurel*, and *Bays*, and the *Vine* all in one.

All shall yield to the *Mulberry-tree*, &c. &c.

VIII.

Then each take a relick of this hallow'd tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be ;
 Fill fill to the planter, the cup to the brim,
 To honour his country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the *Mulberry-tree*,

Bend to thee,

Blest *Mulberry*,

Matchless was he

Who planted thee,

And thou like him immortal be !

C

CHORUS



A I R.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Garden.

Z A I D A, LYSSA, and other female Spirits following.

Z A I D A.

R E C I T.

Shame of thy Sex—begone—nor haunt me more.

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

Will *Zaida's* Bosom from a Woman hide,
 What to conceal from Man, is Art and Pride?
 Behold! Power's sovereign Charm to soften Hate,
 What melts us most!—Variety and State!

*[Waves her Wand, and the whole Scene
 and Decorations change.]*

A I R.

Turn and see what Pleasures woo you,
 Let not Love in vain pursue you,
 Seize his Blessings while you may,
 Love has Wings and will not stay.

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Seize his Blessings whilst you may,
Love has Wings, and will not stay.

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

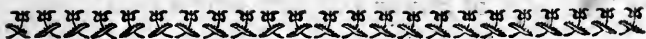
Deluders hence!—Your Spells are weak,
My *Zoreb's* stronger Spells to break ;
For him alone I draw my Breath,
With him I could rejoice in Death.

[*It thunders, grows dark, and the Garden shakes,
All the Women run off, but Zaida and Lyssa.*]

L Y S S A.

R E C I T.

'Tis Past—the softer Passions take their Flight,
Moroc, comes arm'd in Terrors and in Night!
Destruction in his Eye, and in his Hand,
The Scepter of His Wrath—His *Ebon* Wand.



S C E N E II.

MOROC, ZAIDA, LYSSA

M O R O C.

R E C I T. Accomp.

No more I come with Sighs and Pray'rs,
A proud ungrateful Fair to sue :
Revenge a Festival prepares,
A Festival for Love and you !

T R I O.

T R I O.

L Y S S A,

O hear her Sighs, believe her Tears,
The Heart may change that pants with Fears.

[To Moroc,

Z A I D A.

Hear not my Sighs, nor trust my Tears,
My Heart may pant, but not with Fears :
His Treasure lost, the Miser mourns.

L Y S S A.

More Treasure found, his Joy returns.

M O R O C.

Hence Jealousy and love-sick Cares !
Vengeance now my Bosom tears !

L Y S S A.

“ The Joys of Power will here attend thee !

Z A I D A.

“ The Joys of Love with *Zoreb* fend me !

L Y S S A.

“ With him your Heart new Woes would prove,

Z A I D A.

“ I fear no Woes with him I love.

M O R O C.

M O R O C.

“ Away with Love and fond Desires——
 “ Vengeance rage with all thy Fires.”

R E C I T.

Lyssa, depart!—this is no Hour for Joy,
 I come not now to pity; but destroy—

[*Exit Lyssa, &c.*

To *Zaida's* Arms her Lover I resign;
 He's dead, and dying thought you mine,
 For him alone you draw your Breath,
 With him you shall rejoice in Death!

[*Dead March.*



S C E N E III.

*A Tomb rises from the Ground, in which ZOREB lies,
 KALIEL standing by him with his Wand on his
 Breast.*

Z A I D A.

R E C I T. Accomp.

My *Zoreb*—dead!—then Sorrow is no more:
 Now let the Lightning flash, the Thunder roar!

A I R.

A I R.

Back to your Source weak, foolish, Tears,
 Away, fond Love, and Woman's Fears;

A nobler Passion warms :

The Dove shall soar with Eagle's Wing,

From Earth I spring,

And fly to Heav'n, and Zoreb's Arms.

[Offers to stab herself; Moroc runs to prevent
 her, and in his Frigbt drops his Ebon Wand,
 which Kaliel takes up.

M O R O C.

Hold, desp'rate Fair— [Takes away the Dagger,

No more will I employ

Love's softer Arts, but seize, and force my Joy.

[Takes hold of her,

Z A I D A.

Help, heav'nly Pow'rs!

M O R O C.

What Pow'r can *Moroc* fear?

K A L I E L.

The Pow'r of Virtue—which I now revere!

With thy own Arms thy guilty Reign I end,

No longer *Moroc's* Slave, but *Zaida's* Friend.

Thus do, I blast thee—As the Thunder's Stroke

Blasts the proud Cedar—All thy Charms are broke.

[Kaliel strikes Moroc with the Wand, and he sinks.

S C E N E

S C E N E. IV.

Z A I D A.

How shall I thank the Guardian of my Fame ?

[*kneels to Kaniel.*

K A L I E L.

Rise, *Zaida!*—Peace!—more thanks shall *Kaniel* claim.
Behold thy *Zoreb* dead to mortal View,
The Spells dissolv'd, shall wake to Life, and you.

R E C I T. — Accomp.

This magic Wand, in *Moroc's* Hand
Did wound, oppress :
In *Kaniel's* Hand this magic Wand
Shall heal, and bless.

A I R.

O faithful Youth,
To shake thy Truth,
No more shall Fiends combine :
Now gently move,
To meet that Love,
That Truth which equals thine.

[*While the Symphony is playing, Zoreb rises gradually from the Tomb.*

Z O R E B.

Z O R E B.

A I R.

“ What Angel’s Voice, what sweet enchanting Breath

“ Calls hapless *Zoreb* from the Bed of Death ?

“ In Terror’s Gloom,

“ Night’s awful Womb,

“ My Soul imprison’d lay,

“ But now I wake to Day,

“ Too weak my Power’s to bear this Flood of Light,

“ For all Elyzium opens to my Sight.”

[looks rapturously on Zaida.]

Z A I D A.

O *Zoreb*! — O my Lord! — My bosom Guest!

Transport is mute! My Eyes must speak the rest.

Z O R E B.

And do I wake to Bliss, as well as Life!

’Tis more than Bliss! — ’tis *Zaida* — ’tis my Wife.

K A L I E L.

In Fate’s mysterious Web this Knot was wove :

Thus Heaven rewards your Constancy and Love.

[joins their Hands.]

D U E T T.

Z O R E B, Z A I D A.

No Power could divide us, no Terror dismay,

No Treasures could bribe us, no Falshood betray :

No Demons could tempt us, no Pleasure could move,

No Magic could bind us, but the Magic of Love.

Z O R E B.

Z O R E B.

The Spell round my Heart was the Image of You;
Then how could I fail to be constant and true ?

Z A I D A.

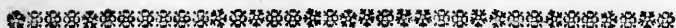
The Spell round my Heart was the Image of You;
Then how could I fail to be constant and true ?

K A L I E L.

R E C I T.

Hence ye wicked Sprites away !
Passion yields to Reason's Sway :
Purer Beings of the Air
Hover round and guard this Pair :
Love and Innocence appear !
Love and Virtue triumph here.

[Waves his Wand.]



S C E N E V.

Enter Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c.

K A L I E L.

A I R.

Ye Sons of Simplicity,
Love and Felicity,
Ye Shepherds who pipe on the Plain ;
Leave your Lambs and your Sheep,
Our Revels to keep,
Which *Zoreb* and *Zaida* ordain.

D

Your

Your Smiles of Tranquility,
Hearts of Humility,
Each Fiend of the Bosom destroy :
For Virtue and Mirth
To Blessings give Birth,
Which *Zoreb* and *Zaida* enjoy,

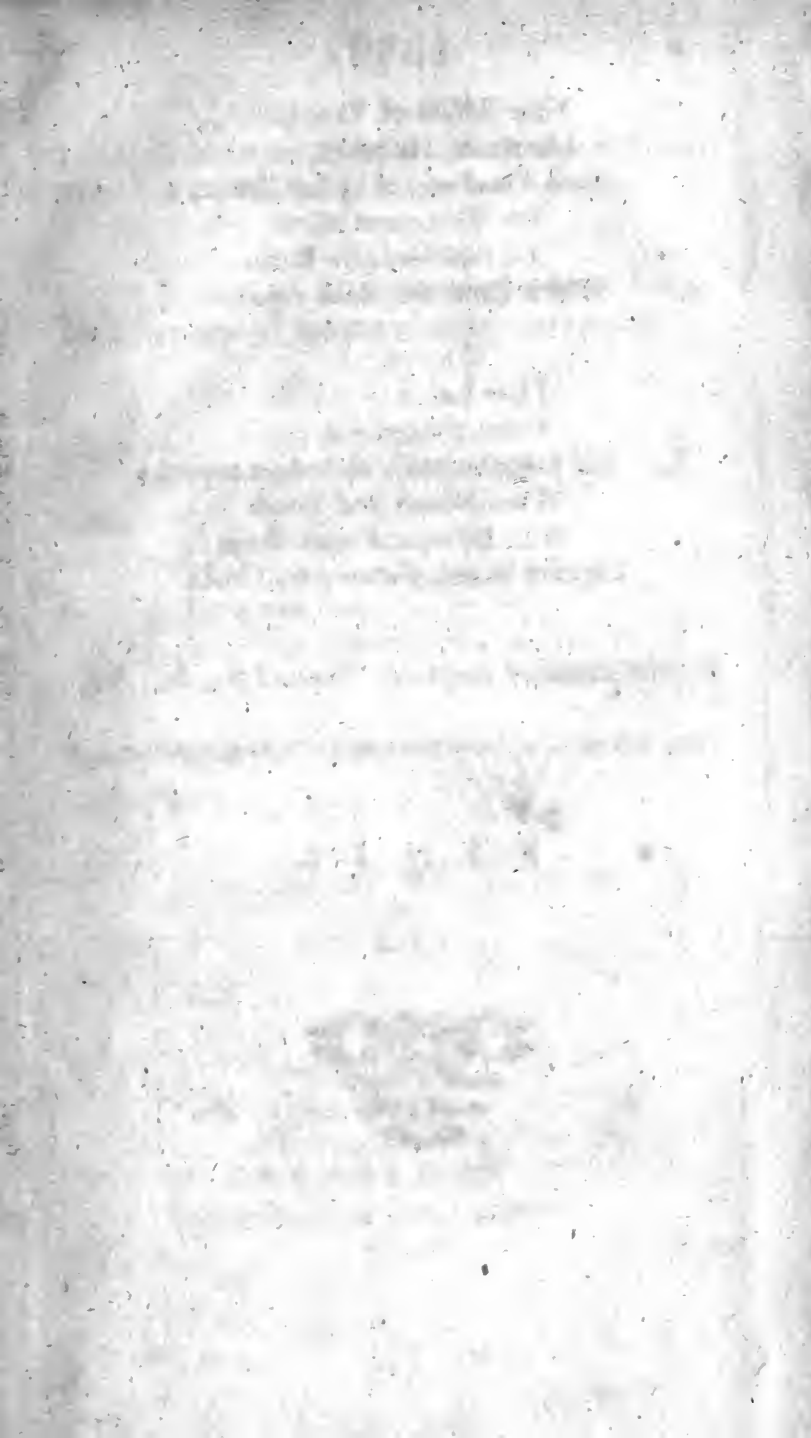
C H O R U S .

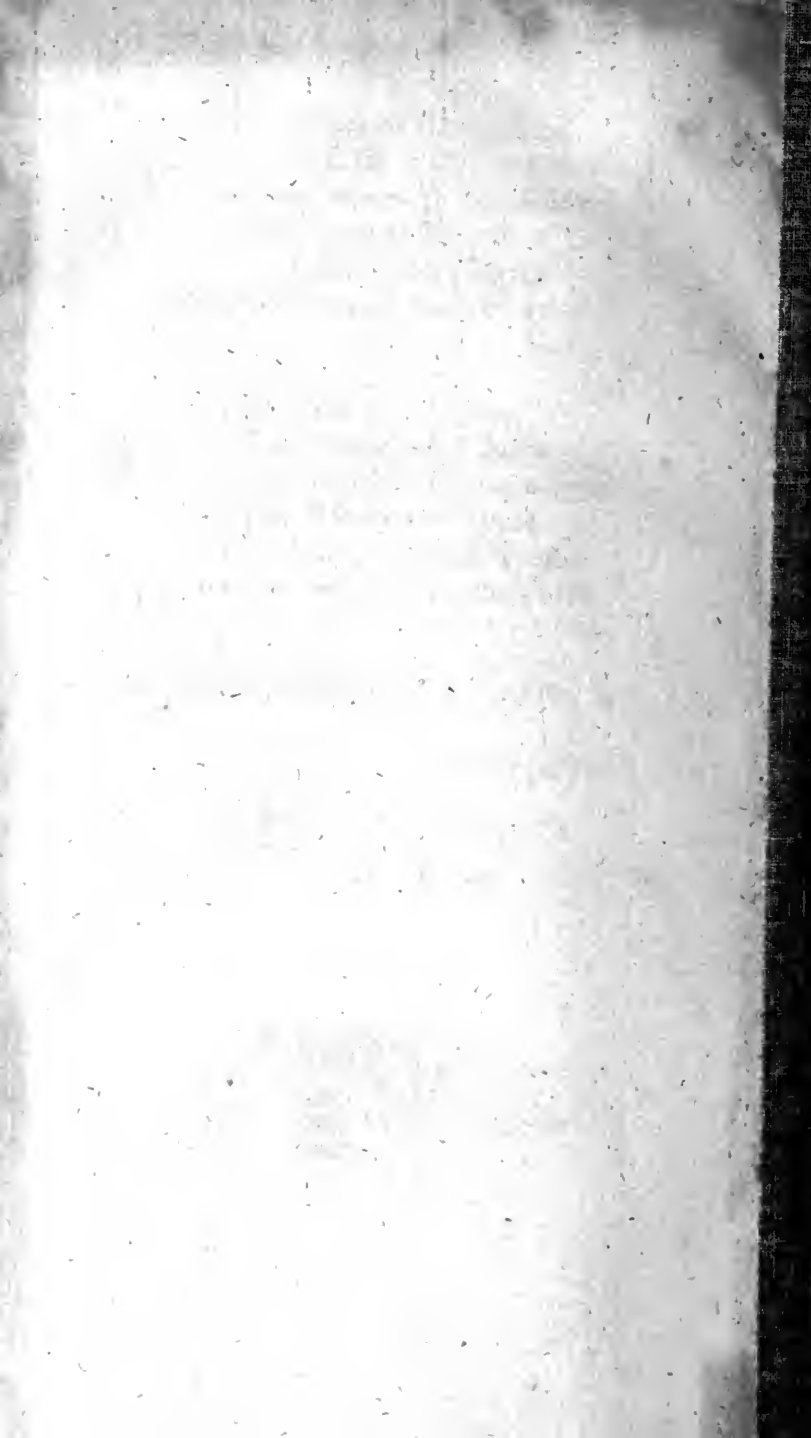
How happy the Hour,
When Passion and Pow'r
No longer united, no longer oppres :
When Beauty and Youth
With Love, and with Truth!
For ever united, for ever shall bless.

A Dance of Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c. &c.

F I N I S .







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